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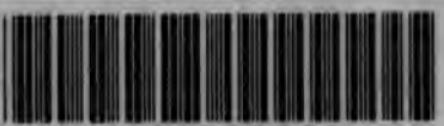
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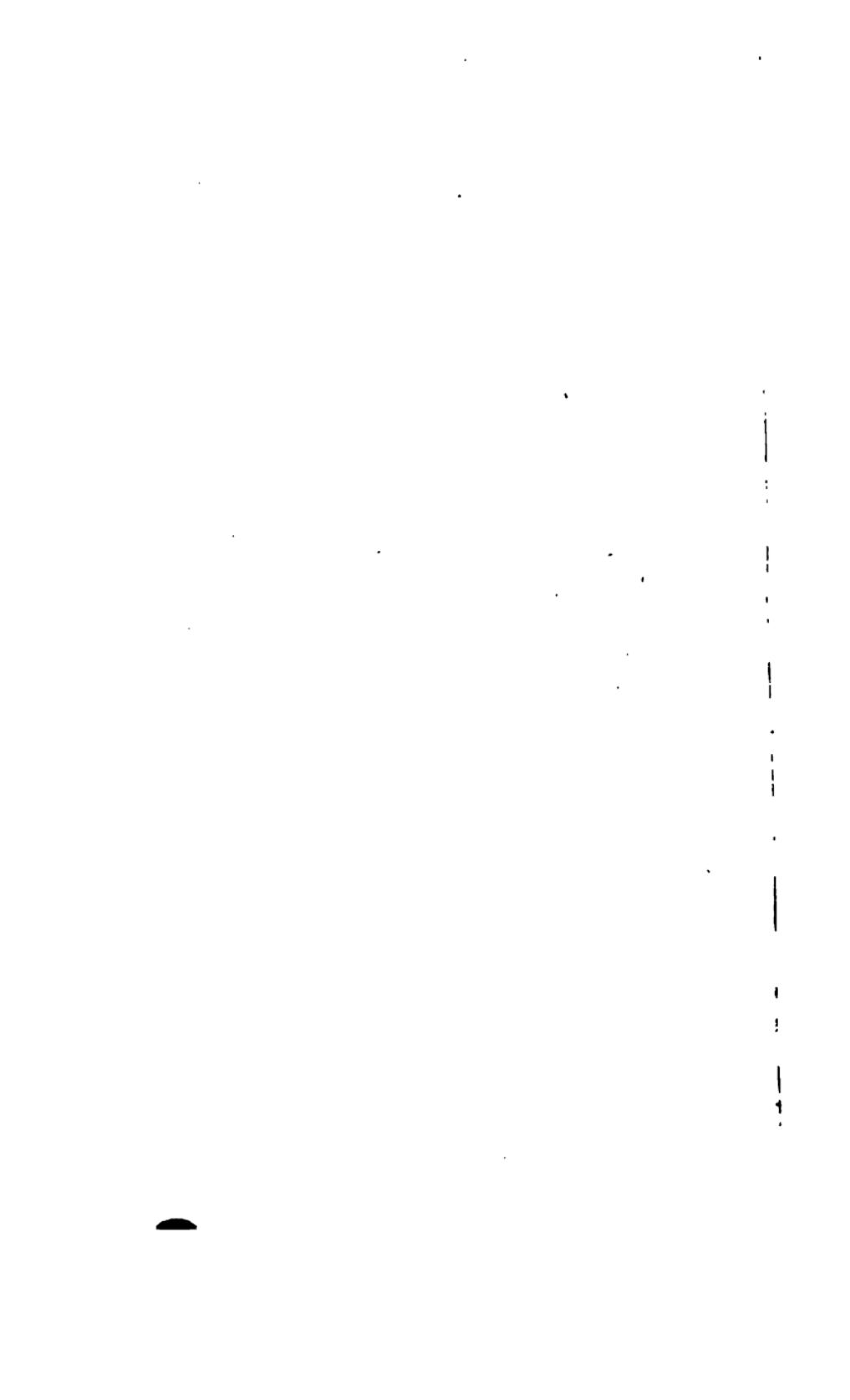
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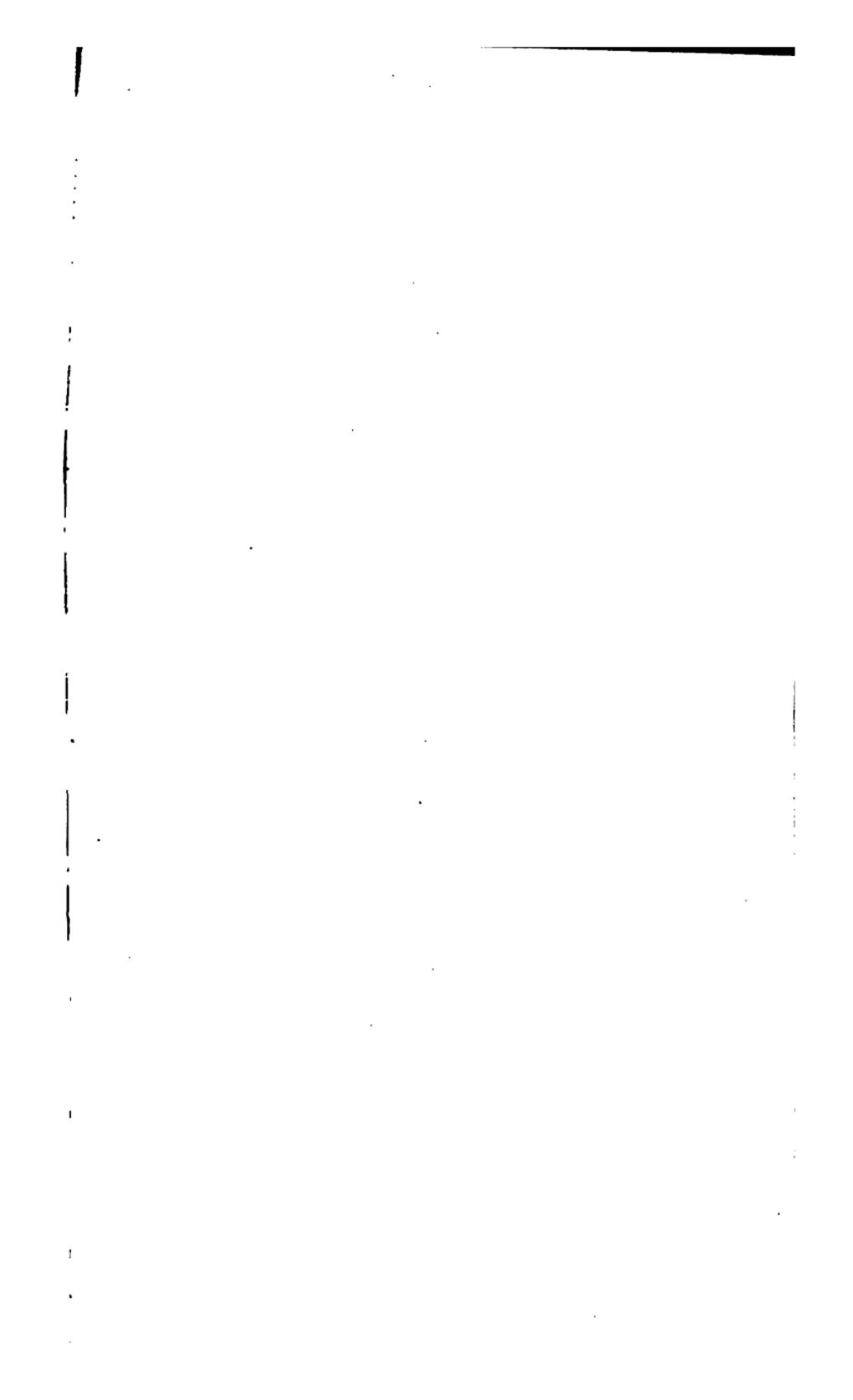
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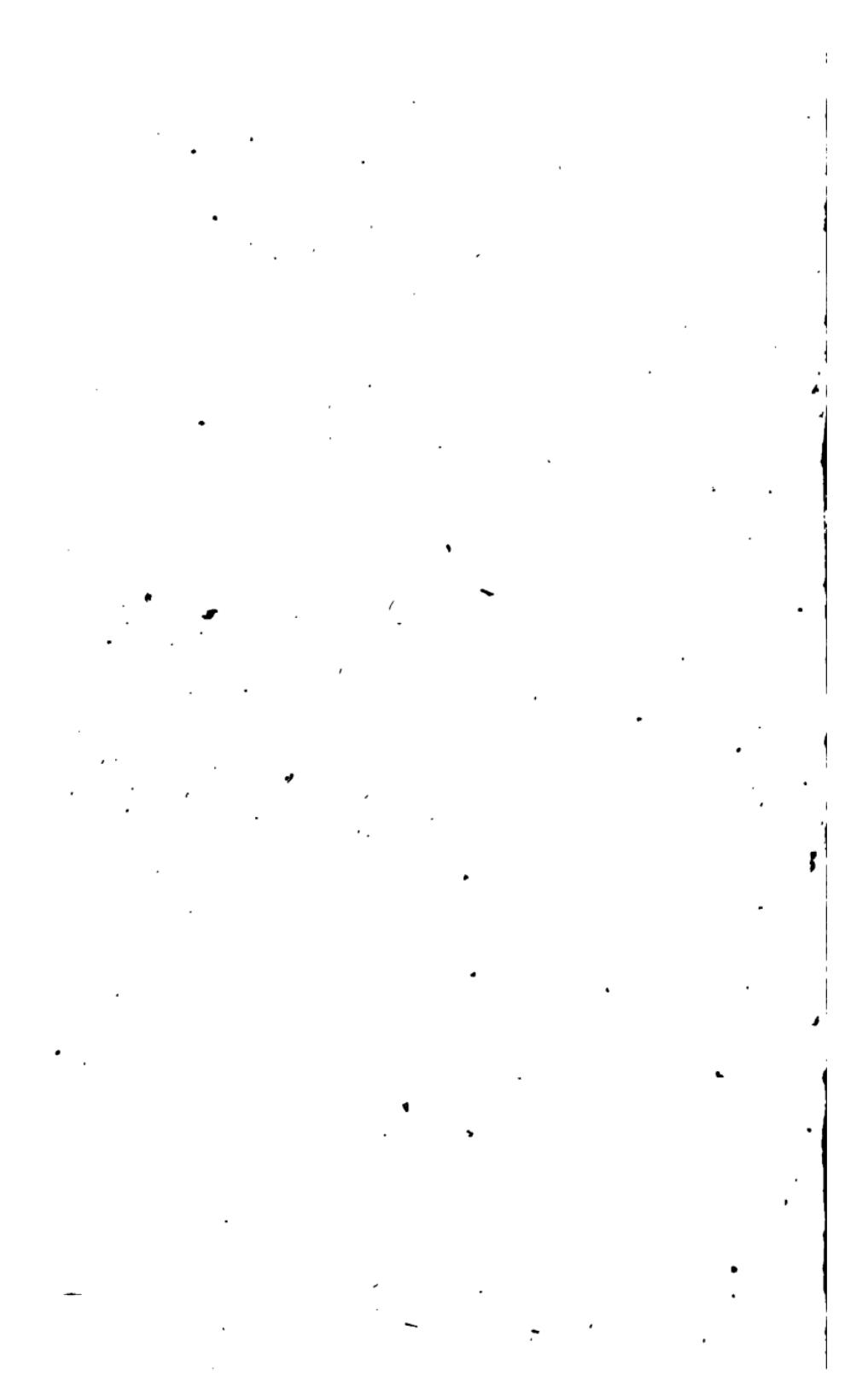






This imaginary autobiography
was written by Thomas Jefferson
Hogg, see the Contemporary
Review for Sept. 1884

25170.



MEMOIRS

OF

PRINCE ALEXY HAFMATEOFF.

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ORIGINAL LATIN MSS.
UNDER THE IMMEDIATE INSPECTION OF
THE PRINCE,

BY
JOHN BROWN, ESQ.



Ἐγὼ γάρ συνθεσάς ἐκ πολλοῦ χρόνου την ἀνθρωπίνην φύσιν,
καὶ, βεβιωκὼς ἐτη ἐνενήκοντα ἔτην, ἔτι καὶ ὀμιληκὼς πολλάπει
τι καὶ παρτοδαπῶς φύσισι, καὶ παρεπιθειμένος ἐξ ἀνθρωπίας
πολλῆς τοῦ τε ἀγαθῆς την ανθρώπων καὶ τῆς φύσεως ὑπέλαβον διε
συγγράψαι ὑπολαμβάνω
γαρ τῆς οὐεὶς ἡμῶν βελτιῶς ἐποθεῖ; καταδειρθεῖται ἀυτοῖς ὑπο
μημάτων τοιότων.—THEOPHRASTI Eth. Charact.

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P R E F A C E.

word

FROM this Translation, which is so very free, as, in many parts, to be rather a paraphrase than a translation, it is impossible to form any just idea of the classic eloquence and pure Latinity of the original. All defects of style, all improper expressions, all grammatical inaccuracies, must be imputed to the Translator, who submits this work to an indulgent Public, relying entirely on the matter of the volume, the excellency of which can in no wise affect his credit, save only as it may atone for the deficiencies of the manner, for which he is entirely responsible. Several political

and metaphysical discussions have been omitted: however excellent in themselves, however remarkable for lucid arrangement, for logical accuracy and precision, however replete with glowing ideas, conveyed in the most appropriate and expressive terms, they have been omitted, as they would swell these Memoirs to an unnecessary bulk, and would afford little gratification to the generality of readers.

J. B.

Feb. 4, 1813.

THE
MEMOIRS
OF
PRINCE ALEXY HAIMATOFF.

“A RARE comparison,” quoth Sancho, “though not so new but that I have heard it over and over. Just such another is that of a game at chess, where, while the play lasts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is over, they are all mingled and huddled together, and clapped into a bag, just as, when life is ended, we are all laid up in the grave.” This also is a rare comparison! If we pursue it, we shall find, that the chess-board will teach us more

than the single lesson, which the admirable Cervantes has here deduced. The life of man resembles the game of chess in many other respects, as well as in its conclusion. Chess has one grand object, to check-mate the adversary. Thus the great end of our existence is to be subservient to the happiness of our fellow-creatures; so to guard the principle of Self-interest, the monarch of the vices, that he may be incapable of moving. And, although perhaps we cannot destroy that baleful principle, it is certainly in our power to keep him in check by virtues, correctly and scientifically opposed to him. In the game of chess, chance has no share; if we are unsuccessful, it is to be attributed entirely to our own want of skill, or to our inattention: if we pursue the one great object with unremitting perseverance, directed by an exact knowledge of the game, our endeavours will infallibly be crowned with the laurel of vic-

tory. So in life, if to an ardent zeal for promoting the great end of our being, an intimate acquaintance with human nature be added, whether fortune smiles upon our exertions, or strives to counteract them, we must infallibly increase the happiness of our fellow-creatures.

How then can this intimate acquaintance with human nature be acquired?—This is a most serious and important question.—An exact knowledge of chess is the result of experience. From our own experience we derive the most certain knowledge of the world and of the affairs of men. But how dearly is this experience in general bought, how much of our own and of other's misery is the cruel price at which it is purchased! General precepts serve, in some measure, as substitutes for this expensive guide. They are certainly valuable, but we sometimes find considerable difficulty in the application of

them; and example is always more efficacious than precept. Thus, to pursue the allusion to the game of chess, the great masters, in their treatises on that science, not only give general rules to their pupils, but subjoin also specimens of games, by which they endeavour to explain what moves are good and what are fatal, by showing at length what are the consequences of each. We see the ~~same~~ mode of elucidation frequently practised in moral philosophy. Novels, tales, dramatic compositions, which endeavour to point out the dreadful effects of acting upon mistaken principles, are sufficiently numerous: but in almost all such writings there is a certain stiffness and artifice, an irreparable want of the simplicity of truth and nature; as well in the characters as in the incidents. I have often perceived, in examining the games of Philidor, the same formality and studied precision, which is rarely found in the actual practice of chess;

and I am of opinion, that a collection of games which had really been played, mistakes which had really been made, and situations which had really occurred, would be more amusing, and certainly more instructive. I am of opinion also, that a narrative of events which have really taken place, is much more valuable than the best arranged fable.

History cannot stoop to domestic affairs, they are beneath its dignity ; but it is in domestic affairs, that we, as individuals, are most interested. Public concerns are only instructive to statesmen and philosophers ; it is to them principally that History addresses herself. But it is in the pages of the biographer that we learn how to conduct ourselves in those relations, from which our greatest portion of happiness and misery springs, as sons, as brothers, as friends, as fathers, as husbands. The lives of individuals, which are composed by themselves, and published under their own

names, cannot fail to be dull and unprofitable, for this obvious reason:—no man in his own name will publicly acknowledge his errors, confess his sins, or give due praise to his virtuous actions. If a man speaks the truth of others, with whom he has been principally connected, that truth must only concern dull and trifling subjects. If, on affairs of greater moment, he should venture to state what he knows, and what are his sentiments, and if that statement is in favour of the parties, he is accused of the grossest and the most selfish adulation. He cannot lash abandoned characters with the censure which they deserve, without exposing himself to the vengeance of those whose villainies he has detected, and without transgressing the laws of his country.

In these Memoirs of my own life I intend to extricate myself from both the horns of this dilemma, by adopting fictitious names. The names alone shall be fictitious, the names alone shall

be concealed. This shall be the only screen. I will avail myself of this single veil, that I may be enabled, with confidence, to tear off every other. Do thou, O holy Truth, shed thy pure light upon my hoary head! Holy Truth, thou touchstone which distinguishes the true knight from the grovelling herd of mere sensual animals, forgive this trifling sacrifice to prudence; be to me now, as thou hast ever been, more necessary than the air I breathe.

My native-country is Russia; I was born at St. Petersburg: my real name, for the reasons which I have mentioned, must be concealed; I will adopt that of Haimatoff, a name familiar to every Russian. I never was informed to whom I am indebted for my existence: to say who I have reason to suspect are my parents, would even now be dangerous, and would formerly have been fatal both to myself and to them. My birth was carefully concealed; I was sent into the

country to be nursed, and, about the age of five or six years, when my constitution was considered as having attained sufficient strength to bear the fatigues of so long a journey, and so great a change of climate, I was sent to Lausanne in Switzerland, and placed under the care of a French clergyman, named Gethon.

Monsieur Gethon was a middle-aged man, of a stern and forbidding aspect, with a plainness of manners bordering upon coarseness. He was profoundly skilled in the ancient literature and languages, passionately fond of the abstruser sciences; especially mathematics and the philosophy of Aristotle; his mode of living was plain; his dress coarse and negligent; he was sober, temperate, silent, and studious.

This worthy man's treatment of his pupils was exemplary: he loved us as a father, but with a stern and philosophic love: he endeavoured to render us su-

prefer to toil, hunger, and extremes of climate; but the most indulgent mother could not have watched over us with greater anxiety, than our excellent preceptor did, whenever we were ill. With regard to his moderate salary, she was unusually conscientious; he had exactly computed the average expense of each individual in his little establishment, and no consideration upon earth could have induced him to demand, or even to accept, one farthing in addition to the trifling reward of his strenuous exertions. But it was in forming our minds, in the cultivation of our intellect, in teaching us to think, in converting the senseless sensual animal into the reasonable being, that he shone unrivalled. I cannot attempt to explain his method; indeed, I will confess, I hardly understand it; it resembles the phenomena of nature, the causes of which we cannot unfold, but of whose beneficial effects we are continually and deeply

sensible. Let it suffice, if I say, that all which from the earliest ages to the most enlightened periods of Greece and Rome, have tended to humanize mankind, with the modern improvements in science superadded, were combined by the potent spell of this enchanter to strengthen and refine our souls. Venerable sage! may the brightest of all rewards attend thee—the eternal consciousness of the blessings which thou hast heaped upon society! And if I know thee, and if the many years which I spent in thy tranquil and hospitable asylum, have not deceived me, surely that consciousness will be to thy disinterested soul the greatest, as it is the purest, happiness. Venerable sage! nature and my parents only gave me a body, perishable, and of which I now feel the continual wasting; but thou hast given me a soul, perfectible and eternal!

The lessons of my worthy tutor were not thrown away upon me. My disposi-

tion is in all things eager, glowing, insatiable. My companions were fully convinced of the advantages to be derived from learning: they considered the cup of learning as a salutary beverage; they drank of it, and many drank deeply. But I drank not from conviction, but from passion, from thirst, from burning fever. Like the poor wretch who glows with internal fires, I swallowed the never-ceasing stream from the fountain, and, far from quenching, added to the intensity of the flame.

A little misfortune, which befell me before I left my native land, added to my natural inclination for study. My nurse, in passing over some ice, fell with me in her arms; I was severely bruised, and my ankle was sprained, in the fall. The only hope I had of ever enjoying the full use of my leg, was by abstaining, for several years, from every species of athletic exercise. I was consequently compelled to be sedentary,

and I became more the companion of Mons. Gothon, than of my fellow-pupils: from this circumstance I derived incalculable advantages. It was, however, not without its inconveniences: by never suffering fatigue, I became effeminate; by being unaccustomed to dangers, I was timid. At the age of fifteen I had made more progress than any of my associates, or perhaps my knowledge exceeded their united acquirements; but I was incapable of any bodily exertion. I had never crossed the back of a horse, I had never glowed at the inspiring cries of the hounds and hunters, I was ignorant of the use of arms. I even feared what my equals in age delighted in. Highly as I had cultivated my mental powers, my body was neglected. Had any, even the slightest, danger occurred, had I been placed in any situation which required the least personal courage or exertion, I am convinced that I should have done myself very little credit. I

was conscious of my own deficiency, and blushed for it ; but my leg, though much improved in strength, was not as yet sufficiently re-established to suffer me to practise athletic exercises.

Hitherto my head had been cultivated. An incident occurred at this period of my life, which called my feelings into action, and roused my heart, which had hitherto lain torpid. The rapid acquirements which I had made in learning, more especially in the sciences, had brought with them no common share of vanity: I had a most exalted opinion of the dignity of mankind, especially of the male sex. My contempt for females was proportionally great; I thought, with Plato, that if there were a state without women, how sublime, how godlike, would be our converse! I considered women as the principal, or I believe the only cause, why men did not attain that intellectual perfection, of which I conceived that they were capable; and the chains which

bind us to earth, and prevent our flight to heaven. I looked upon woman as inferior to the dog in understanding, and that she had received the faculty of speech through some mistake, for her continual abuse of it showed that it was not intended for her. I was astonished at the homage which, I had read, many great characters had paid to females; how entirely the reason of the first men had been subdued by female influence! I determined, in the plenitude of my vanity, that I would never bow the knee at the shrine of beauty, that I would never offer myself a willing sacrifice at the altar of love. Egregious young man, how soon were you undeceived!

A distant relation of my worthy preceptor fell a victim to a series of cruel and unprecedented misfortunes; he left an only child, without a friend, without a home, without a protector, without the common necessities of life. Mona-

Gothon learned his fate ; his generous soul resolved to snatch the offspring of his kinsman, from chill penury and all its attendant horrors. Burning with the zeal of genuine charity, the venerable old man never for a moment reflected on the impropriety of introducing a lovely girl of seventeen to so many young men ; he thought only of taking the shorn lamb to his bosom, of ministering to her wants, of drying up her tears, of pouring oil and wine into the wounds of her spirit ; of being to her as a father, a mother, a brother, a sister, a friend—of becoming every thing to one who had nothing. And you, ye gentle spirits, who know how entirely one of these tender feelings alone fills the bosom, will not marvel, if, where all were united, there was not a thought for the cold, though valuable dictates of prudence ! Mons. Gothon formed this amiable though imprudent resolution ; it was speedily executed. Rosalie ar-

rived. For several days after her arrival she did not appear ; her sorrow for the loss of her parent confined her to her apartment. But when the affectionate assiduities of her kind friend, aided by the lenient hand of time, had abated the keenness of her grief, she quitted her solitude, and presided at our tutor's humble table.

Although I had been affected by the tale of her misfortunes, and by the lively interest which Mons. Gothon took in Rosalie, my contempt for the female sex did not permit me to feel any great anxiety to see our new inmate. But the appearance of Rosalie was so prepossessing, that it was impossible to behold her with indifference. Her figure was by no means fine, not even good ; she was short and plump, but her air was pleasing, her manners insinuating, her motions were free and graceful, her attitudes natural but spirited. Her manner of acting, on the most trifling occasions,

was peculiar; free from that studied elegance, which is so striking in highly polished females, it was replete with a degree of innate grace, which cannot be described, or even conceived, and is only intelligible to those who have seen Rosalie. But, however pleasing her air, it was her face which gave her such a decided superiority over the generality of females. It was round and full: her forehead was shaded by spiral ringlets, twisted by nature, so as to resemble the tendrils of the vine. Her hair was unusually black; she truly had raven locks: the same glossiness, the same varying shades, the same silky mixture of purple and sable, for which the plumage of the raven is so remarkable, were found in the long elastic tresses, depending from her head and covering her shoulders. Her complexion was dark and clear: the colours which composed the brown that dyed her smooth skin, were so well mixed, that not one blot, not one va-

ried tinge, injured its brightness ; and when the blush of animation or of modesty flushed her cheek, the tint was so rare, that could a painter have dipped his pencil in it, that single shade would have rendered him immortal. The bone above her eye was sharp, and beautifully arched ; much as I have admired the wonderful properties of curves, I am convinced, that their most stupendous properties collected would fall far short of that magic line. The eyebrow was pencilled with extreme nicety : in the centre it consisted of the deepest shade of black, at the edges it was hardly perceptible, and no man could have been hardy enough to have attempted to define the precise spot at which it ceased : in short, the velvet drapery of the eyebrow was only to be rivalled by the fringe of the long black eyelashes, which terminated the ample curtain.

Rosalie's eyes were large and full :

they appeared at a distance uniformly dark; but, upon a closer inspection, the innumerable strokes of various hues of infinite fineness and endless variety, drawn in concentric circles behind the pellucid crystal, filled the mind with wonder and admiration, and could only be the work of infinite power, directed by infinite wisdom. The general expression of these beauteous orbs was the pensive languor of deep sorrow; they seemed weighed down with tears, as the dew sits heavy on the morning flowret, and bows it to the earth: the heart of the spectator was filled with heaviness; but, when she shook off the dewdrop, and slowly raised her eyes, his soul was gradually elevated; and when the humid ray of melancholy was succeeded by the bright beam of pleasure, he was cheered with the meridian glories of the sunshine of the breast. When native genius kindled the fires of intellectuality, how have I wondered at their blaze! It was

but too powerful! Oft have I essayed to soar with her, to follow the rapid transitions of thought, which their vivid flashes disclosed, to catch some portion of their celestial flame, to imbibe their spirituality—but in vain! When her ideas were less transcendent, how much have I learnt from those blessed eyes! Of the little knowledge I ever possessed, how much may be traced to that bright source! How dumb are the signs and characters of mind feebly marked on paper! how feeble, how rude a sketch do they present, when compared with those eloquent scintillations of genius, with the soul stripped naked to our view! But enough—I will only add, that the features of Rosalie were formed with the exactest symmetry, and, when her eyes were closed, they were all, particularly her mouth, expressive.

When first I beheld Rosalie, her dress was a plain black stuff, without any ornamental trimming; and a hood of the

same substance, equally simple : the plainness of this dress, however in other respects inelegant, was becoming to her, whose great charm was artless simplicity. I was surprised at the beauty of a being whom I then considered so insignificant, and that such a profusion of loveliness should be lavished upon so useless a creature. I meditated upon this subject, as I wandered alone by the side of the lake. I observed the gay colouring of the flowers, and the brilliant plumage of the birds. If so much beauty is expended upon the feathered, and even upon the vegetable creation, surely, said I, the rational and the beautiful have nothing in common : what is more entirely inanimate than the diamond, yet what can vie with it in brilliance ? This did not satisfy me : the loveliness of Rosalie was altogether of a different nature. And how could I reconcile the appearance, not of ordinary, but of transcendent genius, with my prejudices against fe-

male intellect? But all appearances are fallacious. I could not think that all were, much as I wished to do so, especially such indisputable manifestations. I tried to satisfy myself, but in vain; and no one will wonder at my want of success, who knows how difficult it is to warp the evidence of our senses to our prejudices.

The more I saw Rosalie, the less reason had I to be satisfied with my theory of the great inferiority of the female sex. Hitherto I had only seen her in public; I had never spoken to her except in the common exchange of civilities, as members of the same family. I was most anxious to try the experiment, and to discover by actual experience, whether her mind was really as great as her expressive countenance promised, or as mean as my general notions led me to apprehend.

Rosalie, I thought; had always shown rather a predilection for me; whether it

was excited by the commendations which Mons. Gothon lavished upon me, or by my appearance, which was not disagreeable, I am ignorant. In person I was tall, thin, and very erect. My complexion was a clear brown, rather inclining to yellow; my hair a deep and bright black; my eyes dark, and strongly expressive of pride and anger; my nose, and the whole contour of my face, what is termed Grecian; my hands very small, and my head remarkable for its roundness and diminutive size; my lameness had almost disappeared, and I hoped, that, in another year, no vestige would remain.

One day my preceptor and all his pupils had gone on a little pedestrian excursion among the neighbouring mountains. As it would have been imprudent for me to have exerted my leg too much, I was, as usual, left at home. I was sitting in the garden, amusing myself with my book, when Rosalie approached.

me, and said, with an artless smile, "Poor Haimatoff, how dull you must be! they have all gone on a party of pleasure, and have left you alone!"

"Will you then come and be my companion?"

"With all my heart; I like a little chat, and, if you wish it, I will bring my work."

She returned in a few minutes, and seated herself upon the grass.

"How fond you must be of reading! You are always turning over books: the very sight of them makes my head ache."

"You surprise me; what, do you dislike reading?"

"Yes, indeed I do—What book is this?"

"Aristotle."

"What is Aristotle?"

"The name of a celebrated philosopher, who has written many admirable treatises on the mind; so admirable, that the more I read them and medi-

tate upon them, the more surprised am I at their depth and acuteness. Surely you cannot be ignorant of his works!"

"Indeed I am—Will you give me a general idea of some of them? you make me quite curious to learn their contents."

I gave her a sketch of the plan and subject of his Ethics, which was the book I then held in my hand. She listened very attentively: whenever I made use of an expression which she did not understand, she requested an explanation. When I had concluded, she said with a smile, "And this is all: I think it very dull, and, what is worse, very superfluous. If I understand you rightly, he means to say, that happiness consists in acting virtuously. What person who ever felt, even once, the pleasure arising from a virtuous action, or the pain which is the consequence of a guilty one, doubts this assertion?

Then why all these hard words? If your favourite had written to prove, that a plum is sweet and a crab sour, and had filled a thick volume with disquisitions on tastes, sensations, nerves, and a thousand other things, even the names of which I hope it will never be my fate to hear, you perhaps would read and admire the work, but I would not; my senses should be my guides."

"But you will admire his Rhetoric."

"What does he mean by that term?"

"The art of persuading."

"That surely must be a silly art; for those who are worthy of being persuaded, will submit to the plain unvarnished truth; and those who will not bow to the truth, are not worth persuasion."

"But his Logic."

"O pray do not mention him again; I am convinced that he is a most egregious trifler; his very name makes me sleepy."

"I am confounded at your want of

taste ; but though you may not relish the sciences which I have mentioned, surely you are not hostile to mathematics ?”

“ What advantage do we derive from the study of the mathematics ?”

“ The greatest possible : we learn to think.”

“ And are mathematicians alone capable of thinking ? I am no mathematician, and, alas ! I feel that I can think too deeply !” As she said this, the tears rushed into her eyes ; she sighed, and was for some minutes absorbed in thought ; when raising her eyes slowly from the ground, in a manner peculiar to herself, she asked, “ But what are mathematics ? I do not distinctly understand the nature of this science, which is to teach us to think.”

“ The science which treats of the relations of quantities.”

“ And how do you discover these relations ?”

“ By comparison.”

“ Then you learn how to think, by comparing the figures which I frequently see you and Mons. Gothon drawing with a ruler and compasses; squares, and circles, and ovals, and many others, the names of which I never heard. I cannot imagine what they can teach you. You had better compare yon mountains, when their lofty summits are illumined by the rose-coloured light of morning dispelling the sable gloom of night, or when they are gilded by the parting blaze of the evening sun; when the hoary mists roll in vast volumes down their shaggy sides, or when the hoarse thunder, in ceaseless reverberations, seems to portend the destruction even of their giant forms, and emulates the terrific crash of crag falling upon crag, in horrid ruin. Compare these appearances of nature, and your thoughts will be incomparably more sublime than those which the comparison of diagrams can afford. The pale cold moonbeam fling-

ing its silvery radiance on the stately pyramid of the pine, or reflected from the broad leaves of the chestnut, is more persuasive than the whole of rhetoric. Walk at the silent hour of night alone, by the still margin of the lake; view the moon quivering upon its undulating bosom, and you will straight fling your Aristotle in scorn into the waters."

This contempt for the sciences was to me the sentiment of a Goth, a ferocious, an unlettered barbarian; but the language in which it was clothed, the manner in which it was delivered, the substitute of contemplating the works of Nature, and, above all, the expression of countenance, which spoke more than all language, or even than all the other beauties of nature, were so many indications of an angel. I remained a long time silent: buried in thought, I contemplated this contradiction, which appeared to me so strange, so unaccountable. Rosalie.

continued busily engaged with her needle; she looked at me from time to time, expressively, but spoke not. When I had concluded my long train of thought, or rather when I awoke from my reverie, I said, "Though you seem so averse to works which exercise the judgment, I am convinced you are by no means an enemy to the productions of the imagination; surely poetry finds favour in your sight?"

" If I were compelled to read, I should certainly prefer poetry, but nothing short of compulsion could induce me to read even poetry. It furnishes me with no new ideas, it does not even equal those which I have previously formed in my own mind. I supposed that I was of so peculiar a disposition, so whimsical, that nothing which was written by others could interest me; I attempted to please myself, and I often wrote verses on a variety of subjects; but whether language is inadequate to

express the acuteness of our feelings and the liveliness of our perceptions, and is only adapted to the common purposes of life, or whether I was unskilful in the use of it, I know not; this alone I know, that nothing which I ever composed pleased me."

"Will you show me any of your compositions? You cannot imagine how anxious I am to see them!"

"Are you indeed, or are you jesting? but I am afraid I cannot convince you how unworthy your attention they were; for, as they did not please me, I have not kept any of them."

"Do you not remember one of them? have you forgotten them all? not one line?"

"Yes, I remember one; I adapted some words to a Swiss air, which I often sing; I remember the words, not because I like them, but for the sake of the air."

"Pray sing it."

" Do you indeed wish to hear it ? If you do, I will sing it : I had rather not, it is too affecting ; I shall die some day singing it!"

She wiped her eyes, and after a long pause, bidding me not to look at her, she sung these plaintive verses, in a simple and tremulous voice, but with an expression so artless and pathetic, that they thrilled to my very soul.

SONG.

Of winter's snow, one relic small,
The sun illumined cheerfully ;
On her last child, the last of all,
A mother smiled—on Rosalie !

The relic shone—A sable cloud
Obscured the sun invidiously :
The child was blessed—A sable shroud
Enwraps thy mother—Rosalie !

The sun, though now his splendour fail,
Full soon will burst forth gloriously.
When will thy mother pierce her veil ?
—O never, never, Rosalie !

Nor bears the snow this absence short,
But melts in tears despairingly.
Canst thou an endless loss support ?
Dissolve in tears—sad Rosalie !

When the lovely girl had finished these effusions of filial piety, her grief was so excessive, that I was apprehensive she was going to realize the figurative expression with which they concluded. I was deeply affected by her sorrow. I wished to comfort her, but I felt myself unable to do so; neither Seneca nor Epictetus suggested any topic of consolation at that moment; and though I was well aware that they both declare it to be unmanly and unphilosophical to yield to sorrow, I wept almost as violently as Rosalie.

From that day I always sought the society of Rosalie; her conversation afforded me the highest gratification. I endeavoured to persuade her to read, but in vain. I could not comprehend how an uncultivated mind, merely by the exercise of its native energies, could arrive at so high a pitch, as even far to surpass the most cultivated, and why it spurned at all cultivation. The truth

was, because it was unnecessary ; this I did not wish to acknowledge, and I withstood this conviction as long as I possibly could, and opposed every argument I was able to suggest ; but, as it was the truth, it at last prevailed. Thus the fertile soil of Sicily would, according to Homer, spontaneously yield several crops in the year ; each, without doubt, beyond all comparison more abundant than the one meagre harvest which the extreme toil of the husbandman could extort from the ungenial rocks of less favoured countries.

It was impossible for a young man to associate with Rosalie, and not to feel a most sincere friendship for her, or, perhaps, a more ardent passion. Such was my case ; my whole heart was soon won by her native simplicity, and entirely devoted to her. This passion, violent as it was, was by no means productive of pernicious effects. I did not neglect literature, I did not pursue my studies

with the less ardour ; I felt the necessity of this species of intellectual improvement for myself, though I saw clearly, that, to the superior mind of my fair friend, it was absolutely unnecessary. I did not, it is true, devote so much time to reading as I had done hitherto ; but I felt my soul sublime in proportion as my affections enlarged, and I could acquire a more than double portion of knowledge in the same space of time. But the transcendent advantage which sprung from this source, was the spirit of disinterestedness it diffused over me. It refined, softened, extended, meliorated, and indeed created anew my moral powers, in a more surprising manner than my progress in letters had done my intellectual faculties.

I required this species of mental discipline more than the generality of youths. My heart had never swelled with the domestic charities ; I had no father, no mother, no brother, no sister,

no home: I felt for my excellent preceptor the most profound veneration, but the austerity of his manners precluded all tenderness. Many of my companions were amiable; I entertained great esteem for them, and I would cheerfully have submitted to very considerable sacrifices to have added to their comforts; but I did not find a congenial soul, I had no intimate friend. From the bright eyes of Rosalie I first learned the great truth, which I have never forgotten, though often neglected—I mean, how to value self. I learned from her, that, if I could increase, even in the slightest degree, her happiness, it was my duty to brave every danger, to undergo every misfortune, to face even death with alacrity. So apt a scholar was I, that, to have purchased one moment of pleasure for the object of my affections, I would willingly have perished.

Hitherto I had esteemed myself only on account of my acquirements, and

vanity taught me to set a high price upon myself, because Mons. Gothon had often told me how much I exceeded my companions, and pointed me out as an object worthy of imitation ; but now I was taught, that I must only value myself, and all my faculties, in proportion as I was capable of promoting the happiness of my fellow-creatures.

I was not able fully to enjoy the society of my beloved by day ; at night we used to steal out together, and converse as we wandered for several hours by the side of the lake. However incorrect this plan was (and I do not attempt to defend it), I here declare most solemnly, that nothing could be less reprehensible than our practice of it. I never even held the hand of Rosalie, except to assist her in passing over any obstacle in our path. I have gazed for hours on her charms, it is true ; so have I gazed upon the beauties of the ocean, and watched the swell of wave succeeding wave ; with

similar sentiments have I gazed upon the glories of the starry heaven : indefinite, rapturous adoration !

For a year was this delightful intercourse continued. I will not repeat here any of our interesting conversations. When I left Rosalie, I generally committed to writing what was most worthy of being preserved ; I still possess those precious volumes, I have read them to my children, I have taught them to imbibe those lessons of virtue with their milk. For a year was this delightful intercourse continued ; at the expiration of that term Rosalie must depart. A distant relation, in France, had procured for her a situation, too valuable to be neglected. I will not attempt to describe our mutual sorrow at so cruel a separation ; I will not mention our last midnight walk by the silent waters of the lake. How then shall I describe my feelings, when, a month after her departure, I learned that Rosalie and her

benefactress had perished in a storm, which had overtaken them when upon a party of pleasure! Even now the recollection freezes the lazy current of my blood, and bows to the earth my head, on which Time has long, and with prodigal hand, shed his snows.

The kindest attention, and my vigorous constitution, with difficulty rescued me from the consequences of this fatal intelligence; from fever and delirium. Time, co-operating with the elasticity of the youthful mind, is powerful in its effects. Time restored my health, but not my cheerfulness: time even added that, except in occasional hours of melancholy retrospect. One day, when I had advanced thus far in my recovery, Mons. Gothon sent for me, and desired to converse with me in private. When I entered his study, he took me by the hand; he looked me steadfastly in the face for a few minutes; he then said, "Haimatoff, you are go-

ing to leave me ; I shall in all probability never see you more." I burst into tears. " Do not weep," he said ; " this is not what I have taught you." He then put into my hand a letter, which he had received from my guardian, expressing a wish that I should leave Lausanne, and go to his castle in Germany. My venerable preceptor then addressed me at some length : he spoke of the dangers of the world, and gave me some salutary counsel ; he regretted his little experience in the ways of men, and his inability to afford me much instruction which would be practically useful on this subject. He spoke in flattering terms of my talents, my application, and my general conduct since my childhood ; he exhorted me to cultivate my abilities : he concluded by putting into my hands a valuable edition of Homer, handsomely bound, and observing, " I hope, Alexy, I have given you more lasting memorials of my affection for you ; but take this

book as a mark of my regard, so long as you shall continue to deserve it, and of the interest which I shall always feel in your welfare."

I was deeply affected at this discourse, and at the idea of leaving one who had been, for so many years, as a father to me. The pain, however, of parting with my excellent preceptor and my companions was amply compensated by the satisfaction of quitting scenes which could not fail to produce the most agonizing emotions; and by the desire, which was so natural at my years, of visiting a different country, and entering the great world.

At the moment of bidding adieu to Lausanne, my feelings were exquisitely painful, a thousand agonizing thoughts rushed into my mind, but they vanished in proportion as I left the place behind me. I became calm, then cheerful, and towards the end of my journey, as I approached the castle of my kinsman, my spirits were unusually high. I will

not describe the countries through which I passed, to me every thing was new and interesting; but what has been so often and so well delineated, to others would be a dull and useless repetition. When we were about ten miles from the chateau, a party of horse, in splendid uniforms, about twenty in number, came to meet us; they saluted me, and then dividing, one part preceded and the others followed the carriage. When in my study at Lausanne, I was convinced by Seneca of the futility of all pomp, and I heartily despised Alexander, for being elated at his triumphal entry into Babylon; but his feelings could not exceed my vanity at being thus escorted. This conceit made the rest of the way appear so short, that I was surprised to find myself at a massive stone gateway. The gates flew open, and we entered an avenue of lofty chestnuts. The gloom of those venerable trees, added to the shades of evening and the loud cawing

of the rooks, banished my dreams of eastern magnificence, and substituted a sadness still more intoxicating. This continued until we reached another gateway: a horn sounded, which was soon answered by another within; a drawbridge was slowly let down; the horses' hoofs, clattering as we crossed it, made my heart thrill: these sensations were wonderfully increased, when we entered a spacious court, frowning in the dusky eve with feudal grandeur. In the court many more horsemen were drawn up; they saluted me—we stopped—all was silent for several minutes—and I was permitted, without interruption, to indulge my meditations, when I was roused by the discharge of several pieces of cannon from the ramparts: presently horns and trumpets sounded a martial symphony. The horsemen then sheathed their sabres, and dismounted; some attendants came to the door of the carriage; we alighted. My travel-

ling companion, the Baron's valet, said he would conduct me to his master, who was impatient to receive me.

The solitude in which I had been educated, made me averse to strangers; I felt considerable alarm at the idea of a formal introduction, but I followed the valet up a flight of stone steps into an antechamber, in which were several respectable-looking old men; the butler, the steward, the house-porter, the chamberlain, and other servants, who had grown gray with their master. They bowed; I passed on to a lofty hall, the roof of which was black oak, finely carved, the floor paved with black and white marble, the windows filled with armorial bearings, in painted glass, and the walls hung with achievements, arms ancient and modern, and whatever could be of use in the sports of the field. A blazing fire of wood gave light to this noble apartment; near the fire sat the Baron Groutermann, his page and se-

cretary by his side, and several dogs were sleeping at his feet. My attendant said, " My Lord, this is your son."—The Baroh came to meet me ; he took both my hands, and folding them in his, viewed me with a benevolent smile ; and, inquiring after my health, expressed his joy at seeing me, and gave me a hearty welcome. I was charmed with the magic of his address ; and so great is the effect of the rare union of dignity and softness of manners, that my fears vanished, and I felt not only as much at my ease, but I could have confided in him as entirely, as if I had known him the whole of my life. I had the highest esteem for Mons. Gothon ; many years had taught me his value ; but, in five minutes, I felt as profound a veneration for the Baron—so powerful is manner.

This nobleman was above eighty years of age : he was tall, stout, and remarkably well proportioned ; his head was nearly bald, except behind, where his

long silvery hair flowed over his shoulders; his forehead was high, arched, and bright; his nose large and Roman; his eyes small and full of fire, tempered with gentleness; his mouth was unusually expressive of mild benevolence and peace of mind: the whole of his countenance was candour and openness. His figure was erect and military. He had lost one leg, but his great activity made the loss, on ordinary occasions, appear trivial. His dress was a splendid uniform; his sabre depended from his embroidered belt, and his fur cloak hung over his left arm. The Baron conversed with me upon my journey, and upon general topics, until supper. During that meal he was extremely polite. Afterwards I retired to my chamber, and prolonged in dreams the novel scene which I had just witnessed.

After breakfast, the Baron observed that he wished to have some private conversation with me; his attendants

retired, when, bringing his chair close to mine, he said, " My son ! "—I must here observe, that, though he always called me by that affectionate term, he had no right whatever to the title of father, except so far as it was due to him for his more than paternal kindness. " My son, the accounts, which I have always received from your preceptor, and more particularly the letter which he sent by you, have given me the most solid satisfaction : he speaks of you as being possessed of considerable talent, and no ordinary application, the union of which two powerful causes has produced inestimable effects. You are thoroughly versed in the sciences and in ancient literature. I am almost entirely ignorant on these subjects. I was bred in camps ; I have spent a long life in the field ; I have not had time for the severer studies, hardly for any thing which is not connected with war ; but I know the value of an intimate acquaint-

ance with the sciences. Bodily acquirements are not to be put in competition with mental ; if they were incompatible, I would not have you hesitate a moment which to choose ; but happily it is not the case : you are already possessed of the latter ; I would now have you endeavour after the former : success to a young man of your figure is certain ; and I am persuaded, although you may now despise them, that you will soon be convinced of their immense utility. I understand, that in all bodily accomplishments you are unskilled : indeed I perceived just now, when my dogs sprung upon you in play, that you were alarmed, and did not know how to act."

The Baron himself taught me every thing connected with military affairs ; he instructed me in the use of the sabre, small sword, and musket. He had formed several troops of horse, and a large body of infantry, from his own tenants and dependants : I was thus en-

abled to form a tolerable idea of tactics. The ardour with which I engaged in these pursuits, delighted my worthy parent. Under his instruction I was initiated into the mysteries of field sports. Hunting was widely different from every thing with which I had hitherto been conversant: at first it certainly appeared formidable; but the cheering cry of the hounds, which must surely rouse every heart that has the least spark of life; the delight of managing the generous steed, the rapidity with which the hunter scours over the plain, the thrilling pleasure of perilous feats, the desire to outstrip all competitors, and the natural enthusiasm of my temper, soon made me a keen and desperate sportsman; so much so, as entirely to equal the Baron's most ardent wishes, and afterwards so far to exceed them as to make him tremble for my safety. He used frequently to advise me to moderate my ungovernable ardour. "Consider, my

son," he would say, " the folly of such desperate eagerness. I highly commend a proper display of bravery, or even occasional transgressions of the dictates of prudence ; but I cannot but reprehend such continual risk of life and limbs. Consider, if you were to perish in the chase, how poor a compensation a fox, or even a stag, would be for the services which you owe to your friends, to your country, and to your fellow-creatures."

I faithfully promised to be more cautious in future, and I firmly resolved scrupulously to fulfil my promise ; but when I was in the field, the first cry of the hounds banished all my good resolutions. My kind father repeated his expostulations, he even threatened to permit me to ride only those horses which I could not push to desperate leaps, or persuade to gallop on dangerous ground ; but, as he never put his threats in execution, I increased in boldness, and so great was my good fortune,

that I never met with the slightest injury in my frantic pursuit of this noble diversion.

I was equally fascinated with shooting; and, indeed, for some time I was extremely awkward, but I was resolved to excel in every thing, and constant practice made me tolerably skilful. I have passed many a day, from sunrise to sunset, in the woods, with my dogs, ranging for pheasants or woodcocks, pushing through the closest thickets, insensible to fatigue, and with an enthusiasm similar to that I experienced in hunting. In the evening, I repeated the sport of the day to the Baron. We examined the birds, one by one, over the fire; I related the fate of each; and whenever I told of a good shot, the Baron, who listened with attention, clapped his hands and huzzaed with pleasure. I felt great delight in wandering in the marshes, or by the sides of lakes, in quest of water-birds; in waging

war with the wild goose, the mallard, the swan, or the bittern. In the most inclement nights I used to sally forth with my fowling-piece, and remain in the open air, unmindful of the cold and snow. The size, the caution, the beautiful plumage of the heron, made that bird the great object of my ambition: I used to watch him, traverse the most inaccessible morasses, follow him in his extensive flights, conceal myself, creep on my hands and knees, fire under any circumstances: I would spend hour after hour, and day after day, to obtain a heron.

Although I passed the principal part of my time in bodily exercises, I did not entirely neglect my studies; I sometimes stole a day from the fields, and devoted it to my closet and to hard reading. The Baron spoke French and German correctly, which was a great advantage to me. He was well read in modern history, particularly in that part

of it which relates to military affairs ; he had spent the best years of his life in the field, so that I derived a fund of invaluable information from him. In those branches of the mathematics which are applied to war, he was thoroughly versed.

It was frequently a source of regret to my excellent friend, that his knowledge was not more general ; he at last resolved to engage a man of talents to come and reside in the castle, as my private tutor. He accordingly wrote to an acquaintance at Vienna, who recommended a young man, of whom he spoke in the highest terms. The Baron, made the most generous proposals to the gentleman, and was surprised by an answer still more generous. It was, that Mr. Frederic Bruhle would be most happy to undertake the education of an ingenuous young man ; but as he had no wants, except food and lodging, if those were supplied, he must steadily refuse all salary or remuneration. I was

struck with the liberality of the man, I was charmed with his moderation, and I rejoiced to find that genius was not to be hired.

I was impatient to see Bruhle: I expected to find him young, gay, and gallant, an enthusiastic knight errant, a hunting companion. On the day of his arrival, I was sitting with the Baron, and describing what I conceived would be his figure: Mr. Frederic Bruhle was announced, and immediately he entered the room. He was about five feet in height, crooked, and club-footed; his head was high and peaked; he squinted; his hair was long and lank, his complexion sallow, and his mouth awry. By the Baron he was received most cordially, and his appearance did not seem to be observed: but I will confess, that I forgot his generosity; I shuddered when he offered his hand to me, and said in my own mind, Is this object to be my companion? His manners, how-

ever, were mild, attentive, and perfectly unassuming ; he adopted, rather than gave, the subject of conversation ; he expressed great respect for the opinion of every person, and if his own sentiments were different, he softened the apparent without diminishing the real difference, and conveyed what was diametrically opposite in terms at once so gentle and so powerful, as often to convince and never to offend. He carefully avoided the appearance of being striking, so as never to excite jealousy and opposition ; he never wounded, but, on the contrary, occasionally flattered self-love, so as imperceptibly, by mild insinuation, to win himself into the hearts of all who knew him. His numerous accomplishments soon began to show themselves ; I was surprised at their variety. What first attracted my attention was, his singular fluency in speaking Latin ; of Greek he professed himself entirely ignorant, but, I believe, he had read the

easier authors. In Latin he certainly shone unrivalled; his conversation, at all times interesting, was in this language peculiarly so; in narration, description, argument, in every species of eloquence, the brilliancy of his ideas was increased by the concisely elegant expressions in which they were clothed.

The pleasure I derived from listening to the chaste stream of classical diction, and, from essaying to catch a portion, of colloquial excellence in one noble language, made me, in a great degree, neglect to converse with him in the modern languages, of which he was a perfect master. It would be an endless, as well as useless task, to enumerate his various scientific acquirements, or to give any idea of his taste for the belles lettres: I will, merely, add, that his powers in music, both vocal and instrumental, were extraordinary; and that his skill in the sister art of painting was, by no means contemptible. The Baron

was delighted with Bruhle. I was perfectly happy ; and as I became more and more fascinated with the society of this transcendent genius, I neglected my field sports, of which he was unable to partake, that I might, without interruption, enjoy the intellectual feast, which his conversation afforded.

Two years had flowed gently by since I left Lausanne, when an unfortunate event interrupted my happiness, which was too refined, too celestial, to remain for ever undisturbed. It was the death of the Baron Groutermann. He fell asleep after dinner, according to his usual custom, but awoke no more ; his manly soul forsook this earth, to which it was so bright an ornament, to associate with the spirits of the wise and good, in its kindred skies. My grief was excessive ; Bruhle appeared deeply affected, but his sorrow was more rational than mine : he supported me in the performance of the last sad duties.

which I owed to my generous benefactor. Never was scene more solemn than the obsequies of this noble hero, this kind-hearted soldier, this friend of the friendless, this support of the destitute! All the noblemen, at the head of their families, for many leagues round, were assembled. The Baron's troops, his tenants, every individual upon his extensive estates, his hoary servants, whose only fear, for many years, had been, lest they should survive their beloved master, whose only remaining wish was to follow him to the tomb, his dogs, his horses, all, all marched slowly round the grave, where the relics of the bravest and gentlest of men were deposited. O Groutermann! Groutermann! soft may the turf lie upon thy breast! were all mankind as thou wert, man would need no other heaven.

My benefactor was succeeded in his titles and estates by a distant relation, a man of a most amiable disposition. I

have every reason to speak highly of him, on account of the generous treatment I experienced : he wrote me, that the castle and all its dependencies were entirely at my service, so long as I chose to remain there ; and again, previous to my departure, to offer me as many horses, or other things, to which I was attached, as I might think proper to accept. This worthy man, though far inferior in talent, and less cultivated by education, was a formidable rival in real goodness to the late Baron ; his character was truly respectable. Though I had every reason to lament my loss, I was by no means destitute : my deceased friend had left me an ample fortune in money ; nor was the name of Bruhle omitted in his will. Bruhle, however, refused most resolutely to accept the legacy ; he declared, that, so far from having conferred an obligation upon me, he was in my debt, and therefore he could not rob me of what by right

was mine. Solicitations were in vain.; I was obliged to be peremptory, to absent myself from his sight, to declare that he should never behold me again; unless he accepted the whole bequest: he at last reluctantly complied.

I remained several weeks at the château, now desolate. It was some time before I could determine what plan to pursue. I had long been anxious to add to my little experience by travelling; Bruhle approved of my scheme, and agreed to accompany me. In obedience to his advice, and in pursuance of my own inclinations, I determined to depart. I felt great regret at quitting a place where I had spent so many happy days, and where I had lost a friend whom I esteemed so highly, and whose memory is always sacred. But, as I confess the whole truth in these Memoirs, it is my duty to add, that, however poignant these sources of regret might be, I had other and very powerful reasons for

quitting this abode with reluctance; I mean the blue eyes, the flaxen locks, and the substantial charms of the fair peasants of Saxony. My ardent disposition overcame my timidity; which was soon entirely banished by my successes and the encouragement of Bruhle. I never engaged calmly in any pursuit; in this I was, if possible, more intemperate than in any other. I need not consider these excesses in a moral point of view; every one can form a correct judgment on this subject. I am, however, happy in the recollection, that their effects were by no means very mischievous; at the worst, a day of weeping to a few families, which was soon cheered up—and even this was very rare.

We proposed, in the first place, to visit the Archipelago; to behold countries which have long been consecrated by Grecian history and Grecian song. My bosom glowed at the prospect of viewing scenes which Homer has paint-

ed in such warth colours, of treading upon the soil upon which heroes had trodden, for which warriors had died with patriotic devotion. I burned to wander in the now dreary wastes, where a Pericles governed, where the deep sense of a Plato had taught mankind, where the acute research of an Aristotle had dissected the human mind, where the gentle refinement of a Socrates had questioned, to instruct, the generous youth. In this short memorial I attempt to delineate myself; else would I describe the long succession of countries which I traversed. Others can better depict the sad ruins of Greece; the sickly relic of youthful grace, which still lingers in the faded form of this fallen mother of all, that is great or good in knowledge. But I alone can tear off the veil which shades my heart, and expose, for the instruction of posterity, every motive, in its native beauty or deformity. Nor will I essay to paint

the fervid enthusiasm which heaved my bosom, flushed my cheek, and flashed in my eye, when the welcome gales, perfumed with the thyme and the rose, soothed me as I hung in delicious reveries over the very spot where the eager wings of victory had formerly fanned the patriotic fires of free-born conquerors. To those whose soul, gifted with the most exquisite sensibility, can wave to and fro, and quiver as the tall grass on, the ruined temples of Athens, even in the silence of eve; to these, such a picture were superfluous; in the clear mirror of their minds what I felt is already displayed, in all its bearings, in all its tints. To those whose cold and calculating soul is unconscious of one spark of celestial fire, all such representations would be unintelligible.

I used in general, instead of retiring to rest, to wander at night amongst the ruins of Athens, and indulge in delightful though melancholy reflections upon

the wonderful vicissitudes of things. One night, when I was climbing the steep of the Parthenon, to contemplate the city of Cecrops, the sea, and the surrounding country, by moonlight, my meditations upon the fall of empires were interrupted by a sound which resembled singing. When I had gained the summit of the hill, I perceived a most interesting sight. Ten Grecian damsels were dancing a slow and solemn dance, accompanied by their own voices, which were sweetly chanting in measured plaintiveness a grave and chastened melody. I concealed myself in the shade of the Doric portico, and, in delicious pleasure, contemplated their graceful movements. Their figures were all that Greece, in her most poetic ages, could have produced of elegance; their tresses of various shades, waving in slow and elastic variation, on their bosoms and shoulders, with a luxuriance rarely equalled in northern climates; their clas-

sic attitudes, simple virgin dignity; the different colours of their tunics, which by the natural falling of the folds, though only restrained by their embroidered zones, displayed the beauty of their forms; the figured bibs which veiled their bosoms, and the studied negligence of their pepla, thrown with apparent carelessness over either arm, when viewed by the romantic moonlight, and on so hallow'd a spot, would have fixed in mute admiration a less ardent imagination. For my part, I was fascinated. I stood gazing in silence. I could hardly believe that this scene was real; I thought that it was a dream, a vision, a delusion; that I beheld an ancient chorus; that Diana, attended by her nymphs, was ravishing my astonished sight with so enchanting a scene.

One female affected me in a peculiar manner; she was a little taller than the others, more graceful, more dignified. Her dress was in every respect superior:

she was formed with more symmetry, more active in the dance. Indeed, then I could not believe that she really touched the ground ; it was illuminated by the moon, and I could not see that it came in contact with her feet, which shone, when kissed by the rays of light, like silver : she was really silver-footed. Was this a phantom—the creature of my youthful imagination ? No ; it was too lovely, it must be reality ; it was possible to combine the charms which I had before seen, and conjure up a beauteous being ; but here were displayed new graces, ideas of which, unless innate, I could not invent, and could only receive by perception. I resolved to convince myself ; I sprung from my hiding-place ; I seized her peplos ; she left it in my hand, and fled : her companions disappeared at the same instant. I followed the lovely fugitive, who bounded down the steep, like an antelope, springing with incredible agility over

the rocks and broken columns. I almost despaired of success. She gained upon me; fear left her wings; and fear would have outrun love, but for a fortunate accident. She was continuing her flight along a part of the rock which was shaded by an overhanging precipice; a fragment of a statue lay across her path; she did not perceive it; she fell, and the next moment I seized her. I was shocked to find her insensible; I raised her in my arms, and cursed my precipitate folly. She soon recovered; she was unhurt, but struggled to escape me. I was tolerably acquainted with her language: I begged that she would remain a few moments. I need not repeat what I said: who does not feel that he could be eloquent upon such an occasion? I was frequently about to let her depart; but I persevered, and she consented to remain, if I would not detain her long. She even walked to the summit of the hill; and though she could

only stay a quarter of an hour, the sun had risen before she departed. Every night did I spend with her amongst the ruins of the Temple of Minerva. She was beautiful, and of a style of beauty which I had never before seen. She had considerable native talent. Her voice was melodious, and she sung the simple airs of her country with rude pathos. She was artless, indulgent, and affectionate.

The visionary wildness of my disposition I have already manifested, and how it was stimulated by the soft airs of Attica. Even now, when the current of my blood is frozen, when time has heaped his snows upon my head, and obscured my eyes with the mists and darkness of the deep winter of life, and above all, when better principles have taken deep root in my heart, I cannot reperuse the records which memory has preserved of this adventure, without feeling some remains of youthful fire,

though it resembles that animation, mingled with a strong sense of the immorality of the delight, which is excited by the perusal of an oriental allegory, in which the blandishments of vice are strongly depicted.

Bruhle warmly encouraged this intimacy ; he said, it would help to form my heart, and enable me to obtain correct ideas of the character of the Greeks. But when he found how entirely I devoted myself to the fair Athenian, and that I was unwilling to leave this city, in which I had seen all that was worthy of observation, he continually endeavoured to persuade me to break my chains. He said, that in nothing was the conduct of a great mind more clearly shown than in female intercourse ; the great man governed, and never, in the slightest degree, lost his own liberty ; whilst the weak man became the worthless slave of the woman whom he loved. Innumerable were the arguments which he

made use of to persuade me to accompany him to Constantinople; but I am of opinion that they would all have been unsuccessful, had he not promised to return to Athens if I should still continue attached to the same object. At last I gave a half consent; he said we would go on board a vessel to engage a passage, that, when we wished to depart, we might not be disappointed. He had privately sent our baggage. We were debating in the cabin with the Captain, who pretended that he could not sail for a week; when, feeling the vessel move, I ran on deck, and found that we were leaving the harbour. I went immediately to Bruhle, and asked him, with great fury, what he meant? He calmly replied, "To sail immediately for Constantinople." My rage was then ungovernable. Bruhle was immovably gentle. His mildness drove me to madness. In a paroxysm of anger I seized him in my arms, with the intention of throwing

him into the sea ; he made no resistance, but suffered me to carry him like a child upon deck, when, my fury in some degree abating, I set him down. I next attacked the crew, who were Turks, and whose gravity and indifference provoked me. I insisted that the man at the helm should put to shore, which he refused ; I immediately took a rope, which was at hand, and beat him severely. During the discipline, Bruhle, who stood near, looked me in the face with an expression peculiar to himself, and said, " Well done, boatswain !"—I then became sensible of my folly ; I blushed for my excesses ; I was astonished at the self-command of my companion, and resolved to imitate and obey him.

The wind was favourable ; we soon arrived at Constantinople. I was much struck with that wonderful place ; it was a new world, inhabited by a different race of beings. It was here that I acquired those principles in their full ex-

tent which I had first learnt from Bruhle, and which the tyranny of the Turks in Greece had contributed to cherish—I mean an excessive love of perfect liberty, an uncontrollable aversion for slavery, or perhaps for all government whatever.— Bruhle, with every art of eloquence, with every subtilty of argument, encouraged that passion for unbounded liberty which is so natural to all men, especially in their youth; for there is a pride in human nature, in poor human nature, which revolts at the idea of submission. *

The dreadful excesses which the Turkish despotism in Greece commits; the ravages of tyranny in a country which once struggled so nobly for freedom; the mental debasement of the oppressed nation, and the avenging misery which makes the oppressors as wretched as the slaves upon whom they trample in wanton brutality; the magnitude of national crimes and national horrors which crowd

upon the sight in the capital of the Turkish empire; the system of abject slavery, from the lowest wretch to the Sultan, who is himself the trembling slave of his Janisaries; the depopulation of so fertile a country, blessed with every advantage of soil and climate; the checks upon agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; the almost total suppression of literature; the annihilation of all social and domestic comforts, and the vile state to which human nature was sunk:—all these, and a thousand other considerations, made me detest the man who, upon any plea whatever, would attempt to command his fellow-men. Bruhle did all he could to encourage these sentiments, which by no means needed encouragement. Whilst they were increasing to an incredible extent, I was engaged in an adventure, which I will relate.

One evening, when I was sitting alone by the sea, indulging my favourite spe-

culations upon universal liberty—a dear romantic theme—I was roused by a hand that was placed upon my shoulder. I started; and upon turning round, I perceived an old shrivelled figure, which had the appearance of an eunuch. He said, “ Do not be surprised at my question: are you a man of courage ? ”—“ Do you wish to prove me ? ” I replied.—“ Yes,” he said, “ to put you to a most severe proof.”—“ What is it ? ”—“ A lady is pleased with your person; she wishes to meet you; have you courage to accompany me ? ”—“ Yes, yes,” I replied, springing up; “ lead the way ! ”—“ You Franks are determined men; follow me.”

I followed the old eunuch with great pleasure. We walked a few hundred yards by the side of the sea to a boat, which was light, and manned by eight rowers. “ Do you still persist in your resolution ? ” the eunuch said. “ Yes, certainly,” I answered. “ Then get

into the boat." I obeyed. "Do you wish to blindfold me?" I asked. "Oh, no," said my guide, "that is unnecessary; I have no fear that you will divulge what you are going to see." I thanked him for his good opinion. He smiled, and made no reply. The men rowed very swiftly, and about dusk we reached the Seraglio point. The boat was brought close to a wall, which seemed to form a part of the immense buildings of the Seraglio; a strong net hung down, and reached within a few yards of the boat. The watermen raised me with their oars against the wall, until I could get hold of the net; they then pushed off and left me. I climbed up the net, which was about sixty feet in length, without much difficulty. I then found a little latticed window. I pressed against the lattice. The window, though narrow, was wide enough to admit me, and I crept through; it opened into a long passage, which was

dark, but I perceived a light at the end. I was advancing with slow and cautious steps, when a slave appeared with a flambeau, who made a profound obeisance; and beckoned me; I followed, and entered a spacious bath. I had been surprised by the magnificence of the public baths upon my first arrival at Constantinople; but the lavish hand with which every possible luxury and ornament had been expended upon the apartment I now entered, made me gaze for some time with astonishment. Several slaves accosted me, and began to undress me.— They placed me in a marble bath of tepid water, and gently chafed me with their hands, whilst I reclined, and contemplated the unusual scene.

At first my eyes were dazzled by the sudden transition from the shades of evening; and even after I had remained some time, I was unable to fix my attention on any one object. I knew not whether most to admire the agreeable

temperature of the air and water ; the dresses of the slaves ; the variegated lamps, which shed the mildest light from the arched roof, and stained the walls and floor with rays of various colours ; the gentle murmur of the fountains, which played in several parts of the room, and appeared to spout showers of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, and every species of precious stone, according to the tinge which the neighbouring lamp flung upon the drops of water ; the innumerable mirrors, which reflected this magic scene in all directions, and added the appearance of infinity to the other charming delusions. I was entranced—when the softest, sweetest music stole upon my ear.—It was the harp of heaven, the voice of angels ; for surely nothing earthly could breathe such strains. I was ravished—the air was plaintive, melancholy—the tears flowed quickly from my eyes.—It ceased. The slaves then lifted me out of the bath ;

they wiped my body with warm napkins; they placed me on a sofa; they rubbed me with their hands, extended my limbs, and kneaded my joints. They then proceeded to anoint my head and body with perfumes and fragrant oils. All that Eastern bards have sung of the wonderful power of perfumes to ravish the senses, and to steal away the soul, I had hitherto considered as fabulous; but I now became sensible of their efficacy. I was overcome by sweetness; and as dulcet strains appear to be the voice of celestial beings, so did these potent essences seem to be their breath; and as Mahomet says, "Perfumes could transport me to paradise."

When these preparations were finished, I felt inspired with new vigour, new flexibility; every fibre was braced, every muscle strengthened; my nerves appeared more firm, and yet more exquisitely sensible; I stood more erect; my heart beat with unknown force, and

drove my blood with accelerated velocity in torrents through my veins ; my lungs grasped an increased volume of air ; my sight was piercing as the eagle's ; my smell delicate as the staunch blood-hound's ; my ear could have heard the voice of a spirit, or the music of the spheres ; my touch was sensibility. I could have bounded with the stag, grappled with the gaunt lion. I was no longer a mortal : I was the fabled Mercury ; the commingled blood of Jove and Maia beat in every pulse. I panted to seek the shades and shepherd of souls, to coerce with my golden wand the flitting forms, my unsubstantial flock ; to cleave the azure fields of ether ; to join the senate of the skies ; to hail the cloud-compelling son of Saturn as my father, and be the herald of his mighty mandates. — I was the youthful son of Latona ; I could call down the moon from heaven, and call her, Diana, sister ; I felt not the earth, or, if I felt it, I had but just de-

scended. I watched the winged shaft with a keen and conquering eye; I sought the summit of Olympus, and the banquet of the gods, to relate my triumphs over the monster Python.

The attendants dressed me with care in splendid garments. When I viewed myself in the mirror, I was dazzled by my own brightness; I became as Mahomet. The green turban bound my forehead, the lofty plumes gracefully bowed their summits over my head; the crescent, wrought in diamonds, blazed in front. The ample robes of satin surrounded my body, the flowing train swept the marble pavement; strings of orient pearl depended from my neck; my bracelets were jewels; the diamond, mingled with the largest emeralds, formed the broad belt which encircled my waist, from which hung the scimitar, burning in the radiance of gems. I felt as Mahomet, the enthusiast, inspired, nursed by the Houries, who had visited

the twelfth heaven ; the seal of prophecy pressed hard between my shoulders ; I could rouse mankind with the wild sublimity of the Koran—convert, conquer.

Whilst I was indulging these reveries, a trumpet sounded—it ceased. I seized my scimitar, drew it from the scabbard, waved it over my head ; the steel of Damascus flashed lightning from the east to the west. I shouted with joy. The slaves then gave me to understand that they would lead me to the Sultana. I sheathed my sword, and was conducted through a gallery, the walls of which were beautifully painted ; it terminated with folding-doors : they were thrown open, and I was introduced to a scene which far exceeded the wildest description of a fairy-tale. All was lovely, all was enchanting ; but there was one object which was loveliness and enchantment. I stood and gazed in silence upon every beauty which is prophetic of the most voluptuous pleasure ; upon a concentra-

tion of charms, which is of itself irresistible, attended by every possible accessory that the greatest genius in luxury could collect. I stood and gazed in silence; all around me were silent, and, by an involuntary impulse, prostrated myself at the feet of Debesh-Sheptuti. I remained for some minutes in this attitude; I trembled in every limb; the violent shock upon every sense, which this first interview occasioned, was too much to be endured by the frail materials of which man is formed.

Debesh-Sheptuti descended from the throne upon which she was seated; she bid me rise, and, taking me by the hand, commanded me to sit by her side. Her humid glances called me to life, as the mild beams of the morning sun, softened by the dewdrops, awaken the languid flower. She addressed me in the most flattering language, which I drank with avidity. Her silvery tones rose and fell to the gentlest whisper, with the undu-

tations of her ivory bosom. My eyes were rivetted upon her. Her face, the expression of which was the very soul of softness, the features formed with astonishing accuracy ; her hair, luxuriant in the extreme, and cultivated with the greatest care, was confined by a circlet of diamonds, so as to fall behind in apparent negligence—it was strewed with a profusion of diamonds, scattered as if the stars had fallen in a shower upon her head. Her complexion was clear, and the bath, care, and numerous cosmetics, had given her skin an uncommon smoothness and polish, through which the blue veins appeared, swelling with an ichor more pure than the lazy blood which stagnates in the heart of grosser mortals.

A long white satin vest was buttoned round her body with emeralds ; it was open as far as her waist, and discovered a bosom, upon which, were she not altogether so lovely, I should have said all that there is, has been, or can be of

beauty was lavished. In her was that plumpness, that perfect fulness of outline, which we can rarely discover, save in the ideal symmetry of ancient sculpture. A broad zone of the largest emeralds strove to confine her waist, which seemed to mock at restraint, and proudly pressed against the barrier it could not pass. She wore pale blue trowsers; and an ample robe of the same colour, richly embroidered with pearls and silver, hung from her left shoulder, and was spread upon the throne on which she reclined.

How the exquisite voluptuousness of such a female stole upon me, and kindled a flame, which raged as if it were about to consume me!—Her conversation, her attitude, her seducing glances; the air of the place, impregnated with licentiousness, fanned the ardent fire. The wildest delirium which I had ever before experienced was cold calculation, the very frigidity of indifference, compared with what I then felt: nor were those

feelings abated by the banquet which followed. I cannot attempt to describe the regular order of the feast, or even to give a general idea of it ; let it suffice to say, that it consisted of a rapid succession of all that could gratify the senses, or inflame the appetite. Every artifice in cookery was employed in furnishing an endless variety of stimulating dishes, served in massive plate. The choicest wines, remarkable for their age, their richness, their transparency, their colour, their flavour their perfume, flowed from immense coolers of every species of marble into crystal vases, or sparkled in goblets of gold, highly embossed or rough with jewels.

Music lent her powerful aid ; now in solemn airs, plaintive measures, which called tears into the eyes, and sighs into the breast ; now in warlike symphonies, which made the heart beat with a thirst for glory, the hand desire to wield the sword, that it might gather laurels to

adorn the brows; now in sprightly tunes, which assembled joy and smiles, and provoked the feet to join in the mazy dance; and now in soft thrilling notes, which awoke gay hope, and young desire, and purple love. The most delicious fruits which could cool the feverish blood, or delight the taste; the fairest, sweetest flowers in garlands; the pavement strewed with roses, the darlings of the Eastern poets; those birds which nature has favoured with a painted plumage, or has gifted with warbling throats; every spice, every essence, every precious oil, conspired to soothe the ravished senses. The smoking incense, the sprinkled water of different scents, intoxicated the brain. Poetry, either in songs or recited, was introduced at intervals, and the warmest passages of Persian or Arabian bards were selected, as applicable to the surrounding revelry.

We were attended by female slaves, lovely as Houries in form and face; Gre-

cians, Georgians, Circassians, the fairest of each nation, in every style of beauty. Many were adorned with every ornament, many dressed in the utmost simplicity, others in the different costume of each people. Some of the loveliest had no other garments than their dishevelled hair, and in others even this natural veil was confined in braids, or bound round their heads with garlands of roses. They performed dances, in which every motion, every attitude, and every look were calculated to fill the breast with desire: the most graceful and the most voluptuous gestures were accompanied by the most amorous music softly breathed upon the flute, or drawn from the quivering cords of the harp. They acted pantomimes of all the incidents of love with such exactness, such spirit, and yet with such delicacy, as would have raised a tumult in the veins of a hoary stoic.— In the most interesting part of the performance they came behind me, and in

succession they pulled me backwards on the divan, and embraced me with fervour. They then all left the apartment, and I was alone with Debesh-Sheptuti.

Here let me draw the curtain, nor essay to speak of all that the loveliest, the most voluptuous of women, that beauty, that wine, that music, that perfumes, that every sensual gratification united, could give—of all that ardent youth, that the wildest passion, driven to frenzy by so long a preparation; that vigorous health, that acute sensibility, could receive.

Had these joys been eternal, it had been the paradise of Mahomet; but all human pleasures are finite, and on the third day nature was weary, and I asked permission to depart. I was petrified by the manner in which my request was received. It was not with repinings that I should wish to leave her, and entreaties to remain; it was not with upbraiding for my cruelty, infidelity, ingratitude—

No; it was with a diabolical malignity, which made me shudder, and froze the marrow in my bones. I never before or since experienced any thing similar. All that I can compare to it is, the dread I have experienced, when, in a small boat at sea in a summer's evening, when all is still, not a breath of air ruffles the placid surface of the deep, which smiles upon one, and reflects the glowing tints of the cloudless heaven; on a sudden a squall of wind arises, the ocean sullenly rolls in immense masses without forming waves, and a pitchy cloud obscures the sky, and spreads a livid darkness over the water—in a few minutes it is calm, but there has been enough to convince us that it is a treacherous and tremendous element. So it was with this Syren: the expression was transient, and she smiled. "If you will go," she said, "far be it from me to detain you; mix me some opium, and I will fill some wine for you, that you may pledge me." She

named the quantity of opium. "So much?" asked I. "Yes, so much, that I may sleep a day and a night, and forget you."

I perceived that she passed her hand over the goblet; she then filled it with wine, and presented it to me; I gave her the opium. I observed a sediment at the bottom of the wine, and some grains of powder floating, which had been disturbed.—"Ah! what is this?" said I, starting, and pointing to the back of the sofa upon which she reclined. She turned round. I took the opportunity of changing my cup for an empty one. "What do you mean?" she said; "I see nothing."—"Nor do I now; it was the light reflected from the goblet."—"From the goblet!" she said, and mused in silence. "Come, I pledge you!" I exclaimed, and affecting to drink, I turned the cup downwards, to show I had emptied it. "It is a deep draught," I said; "and though Debesh-Sheptuti

filled it, it tasted bitter." She smiled with pleasure, and replied, "I pledge you," and swallowed the opium. "Now embrace me," she said; "sit down here by my side; do not leave me whilst I am awake; when I am asleep you may depart."

I kissed her with horror, as I would have kissed a crocodile, and obeyed her. In a few minutes she was in a profound sleep. I wrapped a robe round my body, and rushing out of the apartment, I reached the bath, found the narrow passage by which I had entered, and gained the latticed window, which I opened. The net was removed, and no vessel was near. I felt no hope of safety, and, faint as I then was, no inclination to be saved. The voices of the eunuchs in the bath roused me from my lethargy. I threw away the robe, and, creeping through the window, precipitated myself into the sea. The coldness of the water, and the morning air, were

refreshing. Some degree of satisfaction at having escaped this abandoned woman animated my drooping spirits, and I swam towards the opposite shore. But this vigour only lasted a few minutes ; my extreme lassitude returned ; the pressure of the water on my limbs, and particularly on my breast, was painful to me. I had only one wish, one hope—to sink, and gently expire. If the buoyancy of the water had not made less exertion necessary to float, than to drown myself, I should soon have perished. The tide fortunately set in strong for the opposite side ; had it been otherwise, I should have been carried out to sea, as I should have had neither strength nor inclination to have attempted to stem the current. I turned upon my back, and was borne slowly by the tide, benumbed with cold, and tormented by the water, which dashed against the back of my aching head, and filled my ears, causing me to

shudder as if my head were pierced by two icicles.

When I reached the land, I was so much exhausted, as to be unable to stand. With considerable difficulty I crawled to some bushes, which I perceived near the sea, and creeping under them, I soon fell into a deep sleep. My sleep continued some hours. I then awoke, greatly refreshed; I was able to leave my hiding-place, but, as I was naked, I could not enter the city. I sat down by the sea, considering how to act. In this dilemma I perceived a person walking at a little distance. I called to him, and beckoned; he stopped and stared, but would not approach. Soon after a Greek passed; with him I was more successful: I told him that I had been bathing, and that some one had stolen my clothes; and by the promise of a reward, I induced him to go to that part of the city in which I lived, and to bring me some. He returned in about an

hour, with one of my servants and a mule.

I found Bruhle at home, who was overjoyed to see me. He had given me up for lost; and supposing I had been murdered, was about to apply to the government, that inquiry might be made. I related my adventure, and my miraculous escape. My friend listened with attention; and when I had concluded, chided me severely for putting myself in the power of such a fiend. I observed, that I did not conceive it was possible any woman could be guilty of such unnatural wickedness. He still blamed my want of prudence. Among the many excellent remarks which he made on this occasion, there was one I can never forget. It was on the surprising delusions of vanity—on the mists with which self-love obscures the eyes of the soul.—“ When the old eunuch smiled and said, that he had no fear you would divulge any secret which was intrusted to you,

you were flattered, and conceived that he meant to compliment your secrecy and honour. The event showed how far that was from his thoughts : I make no doubt he had long been accustomed to select victims for his mistress, and well knew, that, by the fate to which you were devoted, you would be effectually prevented from betraying the Sultana. The cup which was offered you when you departed from Elysium, was to be the Lethean draught, which would make you forget the joys you had experienced ; or had you not shown an impatience to depart, most probably your next sleep, the bowstring, assisted by Debesh-Sheptuti and this very eunuch, would have prolonged to eternity."— This reflection sunk deep into my soul ; it has been of infinite service to me ; for often when I was about to surrender my vigilance to some insidious compliment, I have thought of the old eunuch, and fancied that he smiled on me.

To remain in Constantinople was no longer safe; Bruhle declared that we must depart immediately; if I were seen by the emissaries of the Sultana, I should most assuredly be assassinated. I assented to this proposal: we were unable to engage a vessel which would sail earlier than ten days from thence: I resolved to remain concealed at home until our departure. During that time, I reflected on the delights of the Seraglio, they appeared more fascinating than ever; the shock which I had received from the perfidy of Debesh Sheptuti was forgotten, and so delicious were those intoxicating raptures, and so delirious were my youthful desires, that, to have been blessed with them again, I would willingly have incurred the risk of similar destruction; or rather, to purchase three days of bliss in the arms of that Syren, I would have willingly suffered death by the most protracted and excruciating tortures which human cruelty could

devise. Bruhle, to whom I confided these sentiments, declared, that I was a madman, and that he would soon give me up to my fate, as incurable. I am convinced, that, had I remained much longer in Constantinople, I should infallibly have drawn down destruction on my head, by some desperate attempt to obtain another interview with this sorceress.

A scheme next entered my head, which was singular enough for the offspring of a brain that beat with romantic visions of unbounded and universal liberty. It was no other than that of purchasing a Circassian slave, in whom I might find some of those lineaments of loveliness, by means of which the Sultana was enabled to lure me thus wonderfully to the jaws of death. Bruhle was my confidant on this as on every other occasion ; and though more adverse to slavery than I had ever been in my wildest moments, and more a

friend to perfect freedom; yet, as he seemed to apprehend some difficulty in inducing me to depart, and was perhaps afraid that I should be unwilling to pass Athens, although the Seraglio had almost obliterated, for the present, all remembrance of the Parthenon, he sacrificed his principles to my ungovernable inclinations. I accordingly went to a slave-merchant's, who showed me his whole collection, which was very numerous: though many of them were stout healthy females, yet their manners were so coarse, and there appeared to be such a total absence of all refinement, that I was by no means tempted to purchase.

I had given up my project in despair, and was repining for the charms of Debesh Sheptuti, when a Jew, who was my banker, and to whom I had communicated my scheme, told me, that the merchant to whom I had applied, was one of a very inferior order, and

that he would conduct me to a man who had a collection of girls on sale, which would please even the most fastidious. I accompanied him immediately, and indulged in the most extravagant expectations, whilst he tutored me how to bid, how to cheapen, and, above all things, to avoid appearing struck with the female I was about to buy. I confess I was shocked at this cool merchant-like speculation—to bargain about a fellow-creature as about a horse ; that ten or twenty guineas, more or less, should decide whether I was or was not to be the possessor of the most excellent of created beings. I felt almost inclined to turn back. I found the slave-merchant at home ; he showed me a great variety of women, of all ages and nations ; their appearance was incomparably superior to the others ; many were even strikingly elegant. I was confused by the new beauties which presented themselves in succession. To

speak in the tone of a philosopher, I should say, that I was shocked, and indeed upon ~~pol~~ reflection I had reason to be so, at these numerous victims of Eastern luxury and despotism. But to speak in the language of the character which was then mine, namely, that of an impetuous youth, I was enchanted with such varied forms of loveliness.

The merchant asked what was my favourite country? I remembered that Debesh-Sheptuti was a Circassian, and I replied, Circassia. He said, "Then I will assemble my flock of Circassians." They were about forty in number. He made them exhibit their different accomplishments. Some danced in every species of time and figure. Others played at different Turkish games. Others sung lively or plaintive songs, which others accompanied on various instruments. Others recited verses. Others exhibited pieces of their own embroidery. Some seemed forward chits, an-

xious to find a purchaser; some indifferent and reserved, others modest.

I observed a young girl, who was very shy: she made no display of her talents, but shrank behind her companions in a diffident manner, without any ostentation of modesty. I pointed her out to the merchant. He ordered her to come forward: she obeyed with reluctance, and stood before the other girls. I was surprised at her resemblance to Debesh-Sheptuti; I could have sworn that she was her daughter, or her younger sister: the same humid mildness in her eye, the same transparent and polished complexion, the same figure, though she had not yet reached her full growth, and consequently was defective in that fullness of contour. The merchant told her to sing; she hung down her head, and was silent. He repeated his request: she blushed; her confusion was excessive, and she stammered out, "Excuse me, Sir; I am

ill." I then advanced towards her, and entreated her to sing, if it was only one line. She ran from me, and concealed herself amongst her companions. They were dragging her forth, when I begged that they would not distress her. The Jew pulled my robe, and whispered, "Be still, be still; you will have to pay for this." A thought flashed across my mind: This innocent creature may have fixed her affections upon some one in her own country, from whom she has been cruelly torn: I will purchase her at any price, and restore her to her beloved.— "How long has she been with you, Sir?" I said to the merchant. "Five years," he replied. Then it is impossible, thought I. "What price do you ask for her?"—"She is the pet lamb of this flock, and is highly accomplished, though she is too timid to show it. I cannot part with her for less than five hundred sequins." I put my hand to my girdle, and was about to pay his demand; but the Jew exclaimed, that I

could not give any more than two hundred. He debated for some time with the merchant; whilst I gazed upon my little purchase, who seemed dreadfully alarmed, and leaned upon two girls, who endeavoured to comfort her. I could bear it no longer. I would willingly have given all my fortune; I would have reduced myself to beggary; I would have toiled by the labour of my hands and the sweat of my brow to support that little trembling dove. "I will give you your price," I exclaimed. "That is, two hundred," said the Jew. "No, three," I exclaimed. "Let it be four," observed the merchant. "No, not another para," cried my banker. I was in an agony. "Well," said the slave-dealer, "I will sell her to you at three hundred sequins, though she is well worth five." I paid him the gold immediately.

The Jew shook his head, and whispered, "If you had been calm, you might

have had her for two hundred."—"Two hundred!" I replied: "I would give two hundred worlds for such innocence." He eyed me from head to foot, and stroking his beard, drily observed, "You Franks are a strange people." The merchant counted the money, and examined all the pieces. Whilst he was engaged in this manner, he told me that he was an old dealer, and had disposed of many score of slaves; that this was the only girl who was ever sold without exciting the envy of the others; this little damsel had, by her gentle disposition, become such a general favourite. He also stated, that she was the only girl, who, during so long a residence with him, had never been engaged in one quarrel, or made one enemy.

It was no easy matter to contrive how to convey this lovely treasure, in safety, on board the vessel. The reigning Sultan enforced the laws against the ex-

portion of females with great rigour; and every vessel, upon leaving the port, was searched with the utmost care. A great many schemes were proposed and rejected; at last we resolved that I should convey her, in a covered basket, a little distance from the city, and that Bruhle should go on board the vessel at Constantinople, and should send out a boat as they passed the appointed place. On the morrow, which was the day fixed for our departure, Bruhle went on board early in the morning, with our baggage. The fair object of my hopes had been carried to my house in the night, whilst she was asleep. In the morning, when she awoke, she was terrified at finding herself in a strange place, and no one of her companions with her; she gazed on all sides, and, perceiving me, she sprung from the couch on which she had been reposing, and bounded like a gazelle out of the room. Fortunately my servant was at the door; he caught

her, and brought her back ; or, had she escaped, she would most probably have run with terror she knew not whither, until she had harassed herself to death. I was shocked, when I took her in my arms, to feel her tremble in every limb, and her heart beat as if it would force its way through her bosom. I attempted to sooth her, but in vain. I sat down, and, placing her on my knee, I waited in silence till the violence of her fears subsided. I observed her eyes filling with tears, I rejoiced at the sight, and taking up a little lute, which had been sent with her, I played a plaintive Persian air. She sighed deeply, and, placing her head on my shoulder, wept bitterly. She then became calm

It was time to depart. When the basket was brought, I had considerable difficulty in persuading her to allow me to place her in it. Her fears increased to an alarming degree : I wished her to take some soporific, but she refused to

swallow any thing. I almost despaired of success. She at last complied ; I succeeded in persuading her to remain in the basket when it was covered with a cloth, and even to allow it to be carried out of the room. It was then fastened upon the back of a strong mule. I heard her sobbing indistinctly, which pierced my heart : I said, in a whisper, whatever could calm her fears. She fortunately did not attempt to spring out of the basket. I proceeded slowly to the rendezvous with my two servants. We arrived there without opposition : the ship was lying-to at some distance from shore, which she could not approach on account of the shallows. We made the appointed signal ; they lowered their boat ; we unstrapped the basket, and placed it on the ground.

At that moment a party of Janissaries came to us ; their officer asked what the basket contained. I commanded him to retire. He refused, and declared it

should be searched. "Attempt but to search it, thou vile slave," I exclaimed, "and this sword shall search thy bowels!" He made no reply, but endeavoured to thrust his spear into the basket. O! what was my indignation at that moment! rage flashed from my eyes, lightning from my scimitar, which I raised on high with both hands, whilst I turned the sacrilegious spear aside with my foot, and collecting all my soul in one blow, I divided the numerous folds of his turban, and cleft his head asunder. His companions were cowed; they, however, charged me with their spears; but resting my whole body on my right foot, I placed my left lightly on the basket, and, as I felt my love trembling under it, I was inspired with such vigour, that I dealt so frequent and so heavy blows, that they could not injure me. My servants stood behind me, whilst I kept these twenty Turks at bay, and fired my pistols, with

which I was well prepared, with great judgment and effect. This combat lasted a few minutes. When the boat arrived, the Janissaries hung back a little; the basket was lifted into the boat, my servants followed, and I, having covered the retreat, vaulted in after the treasure I had preserved. At the same moment a reinforcement of soldiers arrived, armed with muskets. In the joy of my heart I stood on the stern, and triumphantly waved my scimitar, and derided their cowardice. My companions endeavoured to pull me down, but I still remained insulting the Mussulmans. They fired a volley upon me; one of the balls passed through my left arm: the seamen pulled stoutly, and the second volley fell short of us.

When I reached the ship, Bruhle embraced me; he chided my desperate folly, though he commended my conduct in the retreat; he blamed most severely the silly bravado in which I re-

ceived my wound. I could not defend my imprudence, but who could check his exultation at such a glorious event? My first care was to unpack my basket; Aür-Ahebeh had swooned through excessive fear. She soon recovered, and though alarmed by the novelty of the scene, yet her joy at being delivered from the basket, the freshness of the air, and the beauty of surrounding objects, made her mind more easy. She listened to my assurances of her perfect safety, and of my affection for her; and though a tear now and then rose in her eye, and a sigh heaved her bosom, she sometimes smiled upon me. She observed the blood upon my arm, and, turning pale, asked what it meant? I told her I had been wounded in defending her; in a cause in which I would cheerfully resign my life. She shrieked, and exclaimed, "Are you going to die?" I convinced her that the wound was slight, and explained all that had passed.

She manifested the most tender solicitude for the pain which she supposed I suffered ; she seemed to feel a kind of compassion, which is nearly allied to a softer passion ; and her eyes beamed with complacency, when she expressed her gratitude in unaffected language and a tremulous voice.

In two or three days she banished her reserve, and we became more familiar ; she seemed pleased with the respectful affection I expressed for her, and in return for my ardent declarations of attachment, and my resolution for ever to remain with her, assured me, that she hoped she should always cling to me as my garments, or rather as my skin, which I could not strip off without the most acute pain, or even loss of life. I will not attempt to paint the progress of her passion, or how this friendship ripened into love ; let me only add, that before we arrived at Naples, whether we bent our course, before our arrival

there, even with the most favourable wind, I possessed all that the most enthusiastic lover could desire. Ah! how fascinated was I with the possession of such a treasure!

The Bay of Naples is transcendently beautiful; there is much in this charming city to gratify curiosity; the surrounding country is most interesting: but all these things were lost upon me. Even the conversation of Bruhlé was tedious, so completely was my mind engrossed with Aür-Ahebeh, so entirely was every idea interwoven with the flowing tresses of my Aür-Ahebeh. Dear gentle spirit! I ought not to regret thee, and yet the scalding tears start from my aged eyes, when memory presents thee in all thy innocence. Sweet Hourie! And my Mary, the friend of my age, can forgive this tribute to the amiable companion of my youth. How did her soft complying nature govern me, swelling with pride, ambition, and

vanity! how did I bow a willing slave to this meek and lowly creature! how did I worship the shadow of her slipper, and muse upon the mild light which shone from her humid eye! She was all upon which the mind of man, buffeted by the waves of worldly misfortune, pierced by the arrows of disappointment, or weighed down by sickness, would wish to repose; a downy couch for aching heads: she was a palm-tree in the desert: she was as the sight of a crystal fountain to the parched traveller, in a dry and thirsty land: she was as liberty to the captive; as the first approach of sleep to the weary: she was as the balmy breath of morning to one who has long groaned on the feverish bed of sickness: she was a concentration of every soft delight.

Melancholy is in general the companion of extreme gentleness; but the vivacity of Aür-Ahebeh was remarkable. The union of softness with continual

this fact, which speaks volumes? I did not wish to increase the passion, the measure of which I well knew was full, but to correct the motive which generated it. What blessed security! what refinement! what epicurism in bliss! what luxury in love!

The spell which bound me to my beloved, was so potent, that I hardly ever left her. She was always the same, always new. Her accomplishments were many and various. In music she was well skilled. Her voice was melodious; she sung, or recited, the sentimental gaiety, the lively morality of Hafiz, and her own compositions, either studied or extempore. Her genius for poetry was great; her vivid imagination sketched in the finest allegories our pure and tranquil happiness; she borrowed from nature every image which could aptly represent our pleasures, and she ransacked the rich treasures of Oriental lore for the choicest expressions. In tales, the favourite amusement of the East,

she eminently excelled, and united an interesting plot, exquisitely discriminated characters, noble and tender sentiments, and all the flowing graces of language, to captivate her attentive auditor. It were an endless task to enumerate the many trifling resources she possessed ; games, which demand elegance or dexterity, and the ornamental departments of needlework ; in short, every thing which graces or is graced by a cultivated female.

The formation of her heart was peculiar—I fear that I shall seem to many to soar in the regions of romance, but my fixed determination to relate the whole truth, however improbable it may appear, induces me to state, that she seemed absolutely incapable of hatred or revenge ; she never manifested either of these passions in the slightest degree ; even the narrative of the most dreadful and horrible crimes could provoke no other feeling than that of pity for the wicked.

And what may appear still more incredible is, she was entirely free from all vanity. Often have I gazed upon her, and for hours, when her eyes were closed in sleep, have I hung over her in an ecstasy of love and admiration ; I have wept like a child, till my exhausted spirits sunk insensibly to rest.

All you whose bowels have yearned with the fond affection of a father, will acknowledge that these charms were doubled, aye, trebled ; for in two years she presented me two children, images of herself, as lovely, as innocent. My beloved had recovered ; I walked about the apartment, I bore one on each arm ; I was frantic with joy ; I smiled ; I laughed : my boys smiled ; it was their mother's smile. Which should I love best ? The one was my old friend, the other the newest treasure. I pressed them both to my bosom ; I knelt down at Aür-Ahebeh's feet, to thank her ; I could not speak ; I laid my head on her

lap, and wept ; she fell back in her chair, and I felt her tremble in an agony of joy. When we were more calm, we went to walk ; in returning, we saw a little girl lying upon the pavement in the street ; she groaned, and seemed in great agony. My beloved, always alive to the miseries of others, raised her, and inquired into her sufferings. She replied, that she was dreadfully ill. We carried her home to her parents, who were poor, and contributed our money and advice to alleviate their distress.

In a day or two my two hopes sickened. The little girl's illness was the smallpox. A few more days, in the same hour, they died. O ! if in the same day ye take from a tender mother both her infants, ye take her life. Aür-Ahebeh tried to smile ; she never told her grief ; her eye was bright, her colour remained, but her heart was gone ; her vitals were buried with my pretty ones. She too sickened, but I was not unhappy ; the accumulated

anguish pressed hard upon my brain—I was benumbed, I could not feel. The body can only undergo a certain portion of pain; when that is exceeded, some pitying hand divides the nerves, and it is torpid—so is it with the mind. I fixed my leaden eyes on Aür-Ahebeh; I glided like a phantom about her apartment. The disorder was at its height—she was delirious. It appeared to abate; I was seated by her side; her reason returned. She looked at her arms and bosom, which were covered with pustules. “Do you still love me,” she said, “now, when I am a loathsome mass of corruption?” This roused me; I kissed her, and exclaimed, “Yes, yes, my beloved, my bride, with a passion more ardent than the fever which consumes you.”—“Then, Alexy, you love me for myself, for my soul, for my love for you; let them take my children!” she cried, with a delirious laugh. I sunk on her bosom in mute insensibility. When

sensation returned, the dove which inhabited that breast, had fled, and with it the olive-branch of my peace. I attempted to rise, but I was unable ; she had bound my head to her own with her long hair. O wonderful love, strong in death ! Let this be her history, her eulogy, her epitaph.

Proud man, lord of the universe, thou vessel of honour, the flames of fever can calcine the marble vase of thy knowledge, charged with the laboured sculpture of past ages, but which, like the sepulchral urn, serves but to contain ashes and corruption, from which even the sated worm shrinks in disgust !— Lovely woman, soft nurse of sentiment, thou weaker vessel, if thy frail and earthly texture perish in the consuming heat, the virgin gold within, thy pure, disinterested love, remains uninjured in the fiery ordeal, and flows with renovated lustre from the furnace.

Thus was I bereft of all that was dear

Saxony ; their azure eyes sparkled, their pouting lips smiled, their flaxen tresses were braided, but to captivate his fickle heart :—Alexy, who gained the friendship, perhaps the love, of the native Rosalie :—the handsome Haimatoff, the philosophic Haimatoff, the haughty Haimatoff—Haimatoff the gay, the witty, the accomplished, the bold hunter, the friend of liberty, the chivalric lover of all that was feminine, the hero, the enthusiast :—see him now—that is he, mark him ! He appears in the shades of evening, he stalks as a spectre, he has just risen from the damps of the charnel-house ; see, the dews still hang on his forehead. He will vanish at cock-crowing ; he never heard the song of the lark, nor the busy hum of men ; the sun's rays never warmed him ; the pale moonbeam alone shows his unearthly figure, which is fanned by the wing of the owl, which scarce obstructs the slow flight of the droning beetle or

of the drowsy bat. Mark him ! he stops—his lean arms are crossed on his bosom ; he is bowed to the earth ; his sunken eye gazes from its deep cavity on vacuity, as the toad, skulking in the corner of a sepulchre, peeps with malignity through the circumambient gloom. His cheek is hollow ; the glowing tints of his complexion, which once resembled the autumnal sunbeam on the autumnal beech, are gone : the cadaverous yellow, the livid hue, have usurped their place. The sable honours of his head have perished ; they once waved in the wind like the jetty pinions of the raven ; the skull is only covered by the shrivelled skin, which the rook views wistfully, and calls to her young ones. His gaunt bones start from his wrinkled garments. His voice is deep, hollow, sepulchral ; it is the voice which wakes the dead—he has long held converse with the departed. He attempts to walk, he knows not whither ; his legs

totter under him, he falls, the boys hoot him, the dogs bark at him, he hears them not, he sees them not.—Rest there, Alexy, it beseemeth thee ; thy bed is the grave, thy bride is the worm. Yet once thou stoodest erect ; thy cheek was flushed with joyful ardour ; thy eye, blazing, told what thy head conceived, what thy heart felt ; thy limbs were vigour and activity ; thy bosom expanded with pride, ambition, and desire : every nerve thrilled to feel, every muscle swelled to execute.

Haimatoff, the blight has tainted thee. Thou ample, roomy web of life, whereon were traced the gaudy characters, the gay embroidery of pleasure, how has the moth-battened on thee !—Haimatoff, how has the devouring flame scorched the plains, once white with the harvest ! The si-moom, the parching breath of the desert, has swept over the laughing plains, the carpet of verdure rolled away at its approach, and has bared arid desolation.

Thou stricken deer, thy leathern coat,
thy dappled hide, hangs loose upon thee.
It was a deadly arrow, how has it wasted
thee! Thou scathed oak, how has the
red lightning drank thy sap!—Haimatoff,
Haimatoff, eat thy soul with vexation.
Let the immeasurable ocean roll between
thee and pride: you must not dwell
together.

Time slowly dispelled this extreme
despondency: I was gloomy and misan-
thropical, but not devoured by that ex-
cessive melancholy which for the first
year preyed upon my soul, and rendered
it incapable of attention to any pursuit.
I was seized with occasional fits of de-
spair, in several of which I was almost
tempted to terminate my existence.—
Bruhle never left me; he did not at first
offer any consolation, but contented him-
self with continually watching me, and
carefully preventing my making any at-
tempts on my life. Even when the in-
tense melancholy began to subside, he

introduced very sparingly all conversation on the subject of my sorrows, or on the impropriety of yielding to them. He knew that mine was no common grief, and consequently adopted the more certain remedy of endeavouring to divert my mind from brooding over such subjects as were calculated to inflame my wounded spirit, by turning the whole of my attention to pursuits which would interest me entirely, and occupy my every energy.

We travelled through the different states of Italy ; we studied their history, the various revolutions they had undergone, the many great and good men who had flourished under various circumstances ; the haughty and ambitious spirits that had, in different ages, enslaved the people. We endeavoured to trace every event of moment to its source. We studied minutely the existing government in the countries through which we passed ; we investigated the

main spring, and watched the motion of the machine in all the subordinate wheels, and observed the influence which it produced on the people, its operation upon society.

We spent some months at Rome; we were there shocked at the grinding oppression of the Church, the spiritual despotism of the ecclesiastics. I had studied with peculiar attention the rise, the meridian grandeur, and the decline of the Papal empire. I had marvelled at the diabolical wiles which those arch-despots had made use of to enslave mankind, at the intrigues of the Court of Rome, at the blindness and the abject spirit of some monarchs, and the heroism of others, who ventured to assert their independence in spite of the terrors of an interdict—the anathemas of the successors of St. Peter, and the thunders of the Vatican. The servility of the people, their misery, their ignorance, their superstition; the luxury,

the tyranny, the gross mummeries, the sensuality, the effeminacy of the ecclesiastics, made me detest these abominable encroachments on the rights of the people.

I turned with pleasure from these scenes, to meditate on the ruins of ancient Rome. My memory retained all that I had read in the works of its poets or historians of the mighty monarchs of the world. I visited every building, every falling pillar, every tottering wall that was consecrated by any great achievement. I viewed every place which is recorded in those writings that are to live as long as the sun and moon endure. I felt my enthusiastic fire, which sorrow had well nigh quenched for ever, rekindle, as I trod upon the soil where a Brutus, a Regulus, a Cincinnatus, a Decius, a Gracchus—where a thousand heroes, whose names are dear to every friend of liberty, had walked. My love of freedom increased to madness.

These pursuits were interrupted by a letter which Bruhle received, requiring his immediate presence in Germany.— After some debating, I resolved to go to Florence, and await there his return. Whilst he was absent, I prosecuted with avidity my researches into the history and nature of governments, associating but little with the inhabitants of Florence. During my residence in this city I received a most severe shock, from being a spectator of the melancholy fate of a friend and fellow-pupil. I have often reflected upon this distressing scene with the deepest affliction. His narrative is as follows :—

I was sitting one evening at the Opera, when my friend Schwartz, perceiving me, came and seated himself beside me. I did not see him; and as I was much interested with the music, his politeness did not suffer him to interrupt me.— When the performance was concluded, he laid his hand upon my shoulder: I

turned round, and, recognising him, I expressed my satisfaction at meeting with him so unexpectedly. After our mutual congratulations had passed, he placed his head close to mine, and said in a whisper, " My dear friend, I must request—nay, I must demand your services. Can you walk out with me ?" I was alarmed at the serious air with which he uttered these words ; and springing from my seat, I put my arm through his, and we walked out together. He inquired after my health, how I had passed my time, since I parted with him, and spoke on indifferent subjects until we reached the public walks ; when, looking cautiously round him, to see if any one could overhear us, he explained himself thus :— " I have an affair of honour to-morrow, at twelve ; you must be my second.—Haimatoff, will you breakfast with me at ten, and we can take the field together."

" If it must be," I replied, " I will

attend you, however painful the duty is ; but is it impossible that you should avoid fighting without forfeiting your honour ? If you are wrong, I am convinced that you have sufficient greatness of soul to make a proper apology. If you have been injured, let me endeavour to persuade your adversary to be reasonable ; and give you more rational satisfaction ! At least, state to me the circumstances of your case."

" No, no, Alexy," he exclaimed, " it cannot be : the death of one, or both, can alone decide this affair. I will briefly relate it, and then you will acknowledge that it must terminate fatally.—You know the family of Corvini ; you are also aware, that the strictest intimacy subsisted between them and my father, from the time of his first taking up his abode in this city to his death. The children were as familiar with each other as the parents. You have heard of the beauty of Viola del Corvini ; I assure

you that fame has not done justice to, much less exaggerated, the charms of that lovely girl. She was my playfellow and companion from our earliest years; even in my infancy I preferred her to my sisters, and I am persuaded that I was her favourite. By one little attention I completed the conquest of her heart. Viola was educated with my sisters at the convent of La Pietà: the rules of that society were very severe, and without a plentiful supply of pocket-money, the situation of the young ladies, although they were all females of family and fortune, was rather uncomfortable. My father, who was very indulgent, sent my sisters an ample allowance; but the father of Viola, who was more strict, wished that his daughter should comply in every thing with the customs of the convent, and refused the frequent requests of my young friend. I was once sent with a purse of ducats to my sisters. When I arrived at La Pietà, my sisters

were not quite at liberty, and whilst I was waiting in the parlour, Viola came to converse with me; which, in consideration of the great friendship between our families, was always permitted, and we chatted through the grate without interruption. She told me, in her familiar way, how happy she was to see me, and what joy my visit would afford my sisters. I replied, my sisters might well rejoice, for I had brought them more money than they ever had before.—

‘O, have you?’ she exclaimed. ‘How liberal your father is! mine is so cross; he has never given me a single ducat; and, what is worse, he declares I shall never have one whilst I remain here.’

‘I had never heard this before; and she spoke so earnestly, that I pitied her, and said, ‘Poor girl, what do you do?’—

‘O, for myself I should not mind,’ she continued; ‘but your sisters are so generous to me, that I am afraid they rob themselves; and what gives me the

‘ greatest uneasiness is, I have it not in
‘ my power to make them any the least
‘ return. You cannot imagine how mi-
‘ serable this makes me: I often cry on
‘ this account; indeed, if you would not
‘ laugh at me, I could cry now.’ She
drew her hand gently over her eyes, and
with a faint smile said, ‘ Am I not very
‘ silly?’

“ I put my purse into her hand, say-
ing, ‘ What if your father has at last
‘ relented?’—‘ Has he indeed?’ she said;
‘ has he sent this for me, all this? how
‘ heavy it is! I am sorry I complained
‘ of him, but I will write a note with
‘ my pencil, and thank him.’—‘ No,’ I
said, ‘ don’t do that; to tell you the
‘ truth, he did not send it you, it comes
‘ from a friend.’—‘ From whom? from
‘ you? I will not have it; I am robbing
‘ you.’—‘ Indeed you do not; I have
‘ more than I want: you must, you shall
‘ keep it; if you do not, I will never see
‘ you, never speak to you. Keep it; do

I not say a word to any one ; if you do not, you are not my sister.'

"Viola was going to repeat her refusal, when my sisters entered. I laid my finger upon my lips, and she was silent.—Her grateful mind, meditating upon this trifling attention in the seclusion and silence of a convent, magnified it into an essential service ; and I fear this event had great weight in giving her affections that bent, the effects of which I so severely feel.

"After Viola had completed her education, and had quitted the convent, our intercourse was more frequent than ever. I felt for her the most tender affection ; I loved her most sincerely, but I loved her as a sister ; and I was convinced, that the kindness she manifested was the effect of her considering me as a dear friend and brother. She was then brilliant in youth and loveliness : so many charms were surely never concentrated in one female. But I viewed them as

the beauty of a statue, and Viola herself seemed as calm, as free from all emotion. I attribute my indifference to the firm conviction of the impossibility of our ever being united in any other bonds than those of friendship.

" You have heard, my friend, and regretted, how my boyish simplicity was imposed upon by the artifices of a worthless woman ; how obstinately she refused to consent to a divorce, and with what difficulty she could be persuaded, nay almost compelled, to accept our offers of a separate maintenance. The pleasure which the friendship of Viola afforded me prevented my feeling deeply this great evil ; I could never be her husband, this was impossible ; I was wiser than to torment myself with fruitless grief. I could always be her friend, and I thought that I should be guilty of the blackest ingratitude, if, being blessed with such a treasure, I should repine, because it was not ordained that I should.

possess what was, if possible, more valuable.

“ So sincere were these sentiments, that my first and greatest wish was, that my dearest of sisters should be the happy bride of one who was worthy of her talents and virtues. These were my visions of future bliss ; how bright, but, alas, how fleeting !—One fatal night dissolved the baseless fabric. O my friend, in what words shall I describe it to you ? The Corvini and several other noble families, with my sisters and myself, were invited to a splendid ball, which was given by a young friend of mine in honour of his brother’s marriage ; his country-seat, at some distance from Florence, was to be the scene of this entertainment : it was agreed that we should go and return in a party. Some young ladies, who wished to enjoy the company of their favourites, and to exclude those who were less agreeable, arranged the plan of our return ; they billeted every

person according to their fancy upon seven of the carriages, and said that the rest could fill the eighth.

" When the plan was adopted, and the other persons had gone according to their orders, the rest was found to consist of Viola and myself. This caused some mirth; but, as we were always considered as brother and sister, no one thought a moment of the impropriety of our returning alone. I accordingly handed my companion into my carriage, and we drove off. I lifted Viola upon my knee, and kissing her, which was the usual prelude of our conversation, I observed how ingeniously we had been cut off from all the other parties; that if it had been intentional, it could not have been done more effectually; and that she was most unfortunate in being condemned to go home, tête à-tête, with so dull a companion.—She sighed deeply; I looked her earnestly in the face, and asked if she was unwell? She burst

into tears, and, appearing half suffocated with agony, she said, in inarticulate sobs, 'O that you were inseparably my companion ! but I see you do not love me.' She sunk into my arms ; she hid her face in my bosom, and, nestling close to me, she seemed expiring with grief.

"O ! would to heaven, that this fatal secret had been disclosed at any other time ! I am convinced my affection for Viola would at any other time have enabled me to calm her agitation ; my philosophy would have preserved me from such fatal excesses. But malignant fate selected the weakest moment of my life to assail me with temptation, perhaps the only moment in my life in which I should have shown myself unworthy the friendship of Viola. But then I was flushed with dancing, with wine ; it was no longer friendship, I was delirious—frantic."

Here the agitation of my friend was

so great, that I feared his intellects were really deranged. In time the torrent of his feelings subsided, and he continued : “ When I arrived at Florence, my reason showed me the dreadful abyss into which I had plunged the most amiable of women, and pointed out a way by which I might hope to save her from destruction. My immediate and eternal banishment to some distant country, and the lenient hand of time, might teach her to forget one whom she had loved too well. Keen, I knew too well, would be her sufferings, but they would be salutary ; and I valued her too highly to endanger her existence by the foolish tenderness of omitting to amputate a morbid limb. I hoped, that, as no eye was conscious of our guilt, it would rest ever unrevealed. My own portion must be misery—this I regarded not, provided only I could restore peace of mind to Viola. I resolved not to write to her to bid her an eternal farewell ; it would have served only to

harrow up the soul which I wished to cover again with the gay flowers and bright verdure of happiness:—to have seen her would have been madness.—I accordingly collected what money I could in so short a time; I wrote to my sisters to inform them that it had long been my intention to travel; that I had departed unexpectedly, that I might not add the pain of anticipation to that which I knew they would feel in parting with me; and in four hours I embarked for England.

“ I will pass over in silence the misery I felt during some months’ residence in England; it occasioned a slow fever and delirium. I refused all medical assistance. I desired death, but in vain; I was gradually recovering from my bodily sufferings, whilst those of my mind were increasing, when I received this letter from Giacomo del Corvini :—

THE LETTER.

‘ My poor dear Viola has fallen a.
‘ victim to some perfidious monster—
‘ she refuses to disclose the author of
‘ her shame. Her generosity inflames
‘ my rage. Why have you fled from
‘ your native country? Why have you
‘ forsaken us?—O thou wily serpent!
‘ know that this world, spacious as it is,
‘ cannot contain both thee and me. If
‘ thou hast indeed one spark of that ge-
‘ nerous spirit, for the appearance of
‘ which I loved thee and trusted thee,
‘ so that thou couldst rob me of a sister,
‘ come, and give the poor satisfaction
‘ which an injured brother can receive,
‘ or I will hunt thee through the world,
‘ that I may execute exemplary ven-
‘ geance on thy perfidy and cowardice.

‘ But if thou art really the man of my
‘ peace, my familiar friend, and if thou
‘ indeed lovest Corvini, and more espe-
‘ cially Viola, come, support my sink-

‘ ing steps, let me lean my whole weight
upon thee, until I have executed my
purpose, and then let me fall into the
grave. Assist me in the pursuit of the
traitor ; and should I fall his victim, O
may thy sword drink his blood ! Come,
whether thou art my death or my life,
come quickly !

‘ CORVINI.’

“ I arrived here this morning; I wrote
to the brother of Viola. As I am so
much his superior in the use of the
sword, I informed him that I would meet
him to-morrow, at twelve, with pistols ;
he consented.—Having heard that you
were in Florence, I followed you to the
theatre ; I have requested that you would
perform this last office of friendship ; you
have complied with my request, and I
claim your promise.”

The feelings which this dreadful nar-
rative excited were so acute, as to make
me incapable of speaking for some time ;

when the power of utterance returned, I was going to address my unfortunate friend, but he interrupted me. "Do not distress me, my dear Haimatoff," he said; "your countenance and manner sufficiently indicate how sincerely you feel for me. Do not grieve, my Haimatoff, I shall soon be at rest; there is a voice calls me, I will obey; I will come, I will come quickly. Good night, remember to-morrow, at ten; good night."

I requested that I might be permitted to spend the night with him; I could not bear that he should be alone. But he told me, that he must make many arrangements; that it was his last night; that he must be alone. I at length consented to leave him; he pressed my hand, and said, "Yes, I will come, I will come quickly; good night, remember to-morrow; good night!"

I returned home overwhelmed with grief and compassion; I endeavoured to sleep for a few hours, to give me strength

for the scene which I was doomed to witness. My wearied spirits at length sank into a deep sleep, or rather stupor. At nine I waited upon Schwartz ; at ten he came to me ; he shook me affectionately by the hand ; his countenance was calm, and almost cheerful, it wore that serene smile for which he was so remarkable. He inquired minutely how I had passed my time since we parted at Lausanne, if I had heard any late intelligence respecting our worthy preceptor, and conversed on indifferent subjects.— He prepared breakfast himself, and even appeared to eat with a tolerable appetite. When the clock struck eleven, he arose, and said, “ I believe it is time to set out ; can you carry this brace of pistols ? the others are in my pockets. This bag contains every thing else which is necessary.” He bowed to the servant who opened the door, and, smiling most kindly, said, “ Good morning, Pietro ; you are always attentive.”

We walked towards the appointed place, which was at some distance from the city. Schwartz still continued to converse calmly, and on miscellaneous topics.— When we reached the suburbs, we heard some one calling “Schwartz, Schwartz!” We turned round, and my friend perceived an acquaintance carrying his little daughter in his arms, who had saluted him thus. The gentleman seemed happy to meet with my friend, and, knowing not the dreadful object of our walk, begged he would soon visit him. The little girl, observing some fruit pass, exclaimed, “Grapes! grapes!” Schwartz purchased some, and presented them to the little cherub, who was overjoyed; and the father’s eye sparkled, and his cheek glowed, when he observed the pleasure of his darling. She called after us, “Good bye, Schwartz, good bye!”

It was then that his composure forsook him; I felt him shudder as he leant upon my arm; his steps tottered, and

his cheek was pale. "Did you observe the happiness of the father," he said, "when the innocent little creature expressed her joy? O happy, happy man! I too should soon be a father. But I could not acknowledge my child, I could not carry it in my arms, attend to its artless prattle, and share its joys and sorrows. I too should be a father—perhaps of a girl—of another Viola!"

He walked on slowly, in silent agony. When his serenity began to re-appear, "Did you ever read La Rochefoucault?" he asked me; "do you remember what he says on Death—that if we wish to face it boldly, we must not think on it; indeed, to me at least, it will not bear reflection. I will banish these thoughts, or rather all thoughts."

In a few minutes we reached the ground; Corvini was there already. He was walking with hasty strides, arm in arm with his friend, the Marquis Cavazzani. When they perceived us, they

approached ; we saluted each other. Corvini's eyes flashed fire ; and, striking his hands violently on his bosom, he exclaimed, with fury, " Monster ! monster !" Schwartz smiled upon him, and in that faint smile expressed so much compassion, contrition, resignation, and forgiveness, that he must have had the heart of a tiger who could have resisted it : and surely it was irresistible, for even the rage of an injured brother, for a moment, felt its influence.

Corvini turned pale, and the tears rushed into his eyes ; but his countenance soon resumed its former expression, and he exclaimed, " Let us begin."—" Yes, I will come, I will come quickly," said Schwartz, in a hollow voice. The Marquis and myself made the usual arrangements, and it was agreed that Corvini should fire first. He did so, but without effect. Schwartz then extended his arm, and, keeping his pistol perpendicular, fired, exclaiming at the same time,

"Quick! Corvini, quick!" Cavazzani, as well as myself, observed the manner in which Schwartz held his pistol, and calling Hold! sprung to Corvini, whose head being turned away when Schwartz fired, he did not perceive how the latter had acted, but fired again at the instant we exclaimed "Hold!"—His antagonist fell. I raised him from the ground; the Marquis untied his eravat; Corvini stood petrified with horror, until I said, "He is dead, he is killed!" When running towards him, he gazed upon the body for some minutes without speaking, whilst the Marquis examined the wound, and declared that the ball must have entered his heart. Corvini knelt down, and, viewing the face, cried, "Is this the smile of guilt? O no, no; it is the ingenuous countenance of conscious virtue—see, he retains it even in death. Have I done wrong? Is Viola alone guilty? Yet she appears as artless, as innocent—O Schwartz, Schwartz! you

have robbed me of my peace of mind. I have slain my sister's seducer ; I have discharged this duty, which I owed to her, to my family, to society ; but I am now doubly wretched. My peace is fled for ever ! " He seized the hand of his fallen adversary, and pressing it to his own forehead, he remained long pale and motionless in this attitude.

The Marquis Cavazzani was horror-struck, and entirely lost his presence of mind. He was a young man of some talent, of the nicest honour, of tried courage, and a perfect gentleman in his manners ; but he was so entirely overwhelmed by this dreadful spectacle, as to be utterly incapable of rendering the least assistance to his miserable friend. I endeavoured to persuade Corvini to leave the body. The Marquis went to Florence, to order a carriage ; I walked slowly with Corvini, who was in a dreadful stupor, from the excess of his anguish, and suffered himself to be led

by me, without any resistance, until we met the chariot. I accompanied him to his home. I attended him during the severe illness which this horrible event occasioned; I strove by every means in my power to assuage the poignancy of his grief. My cares were for some time ineffectual. It was resolved, by every possible precaution, to keep the intelligence of the death of the unfortunate Schwartz from the ears of Viola, who was far advanced in her pregnancy, and to whom, we conceived, the communication would have been fatal. The indiscretion of a female attendant frustrated all our schemes of concealment; her garrulity divulged the terrible secret. The tortures of hiding for so long a period the struggling pangs of a passion so ardent as that she felt for Schwartz; her indiscretion in revealing it at the time she did, or rather her inability to conceal it, at that crisis; the event which ensued, the consequent flight of

her beloved, her ignorance of his motive, her uncertainty with regard to his fate; her anxiety to conceal the secret of her dishonour, her agony when she knew that it was impossible to do so; the discovery; the rage of her brother; the grief of her family; her apprehensions of the consequences of the vengeance of Corvini: all contributed to her misery. She well knew that he would not rest until he had found the dear author of her infamy; she well knew, that, if they met, one must fall. She must lose a brother, dearer than the ruddy drops which visited her bursting heart, she must lose him sacrificed for her sake; or she must be bereaved of one who was still more dear, and of whom if she was bereaved, she was bereaved indeed.

Such agonizing feelings, protracted for eight long months, were too powerful for a mind so finely organized as that of Viola: extreme heaviness rent the

delicate texture ; the slender threads of her affections were snapped by these accumulated sufferings. When the fate of Schwartz was related to her, she wept not, she shrieked not—No ; poor hapless fair one ! the cup of thy affliction had long been full ; all that was added, overflowed—Thy measure of woe was complete—Filled, pressed down, shaken, heaped up ; it had been long since poured into thy bosom. No tear, no groan, no exclamation told her sorrow ; no temporary insensibility, no swoon, in mercy interposed, to draw, though but for a few moments, the curtain between her and misery. Her insensibility was eternal ! The wind was not tempered to the shorn lamb : no, the lamb was flayed ; it might smile at the shears. Viola heard the dread intelligence unmoved ; she gazed upon the person who communicated it with a vacant stare ; and, when she had concluded, burst into a long and convulsive

laugh. A week after, she was delivered of a dead child. She soon recovered her bodily health; her mind remained the same. The sisters of Schwartz, who had been the companions of her happier days, undertook the painful task of guarding this blighted flower; they treated her with singular tenderness and humanity.

Viola was always cheerful; the roses of health had forsaken her cheek, her eyes lacked their former lustre, but the expression of her face was cheerful resignation, tranquil pleasure. An agreeable delusion possessed her mind; she always repeated, "Schwartz is not dead, he will soon come!" She used frequently to go to the window to look for him, or walk in the park to meet him, but without the least impatience at his delay. She dressed herself with the greatest elegance, in continual expectation of Schwartz. She finished some embroidery, an exquisite drawing, some

lace, or other ornamental work, to present to him. She learnt a new tune, or a new song, to amuse him. She stood behind the door, to startle him as he entered; or disguised herself, to surprise him. She wrote long letters to her departed lover. The most affectionate sentiments of the most amiable wife, clothed in all the pure graces of language, were infinitely varied in these compositions. She sealed them, and delivered them to a servant, to be conveyed to Schwartz. Sometimes she would take a blank sheet of paper, and, calling it a letter from her husband, kiss it with energy, bathe it with tears of rapture, press it to her bosom, and repeat, as if she were reading aloud, every glowing expression of love and tenderness, tempered by that profound respect, which the man who is truly great, ever feels for the female who is truly good.

Scenes such as these, were too affecting to be borne, especially when frequently re-

peated. The impression which they made on the sisters of the unfortunate Schwartz was so strong, as almost to wear them to death, by continually exhausting their spirits. It was in vain to advise these excellent young women to allow Viola to be put under the care of some one, to whom her innocent delirium would be less painful. The compassion and affection they felt for their poor friend were so strong, as to make a separation impossible; they resolved, whatever were the consequences, that Viola should remain. Time and their own good sense softened the acuteness of their feelings, and habituated them to the mournful contemplation of the ruins of one of the fairest temples ever consecrated to con-nubial love. Time produced a similar effect on the mind of Corvini. He did not smile; but his sighs, his tears, his frowns, were less frequent.

Corvini was a man of the most amiable disposition, with all that peculiar shrewd-

ness and irritability of temper, which characterizes the Italians. Although our sentiments were diametrically opposite, he being a most violent aristocrat, yet gratitude for my attentions on his part, compassion for his misfortune, and esteem for his talents, on mine, soon produced a strict friendship. We frequently conversed on political subjects, they formed my favourite topic, and I was anxious to divert his mind from the contemplation of the late melancholy event. We spent hours, or rather days, in the most animated discussions; we argued with vehemence, but without departing from the respect which was due to each other; and although, every hour, we found that our opinions were more opposite, yet our esteem and friendship daily increased.

It was during the continuance of these arguments that Bruhle arrived. He had been informed of all that had passed, by letter, and treated Corvini with the

greatest tenderness. Corvini was delighted with the gentle manners and immense but unassuming abilities of my friend and instructor. Bruhle, as may be supposed, was my constant supporter in my controversies with Corvini. As I had studied the subject more deeply, as I was more skilful in the use of arguments, and I may add without vanity, more intimate with general literature than my antagonist, who had hitherto spent his life in gaiety and pleasure, whilst I had pursued my studies with considerable earnestness; I had always the better of him. I argued with vehemence, with keen reasoning, with the impetuosity of an enthusiast; I frequently silenced, but I could never convince Corvini.

This triumph was reserved for the milder persuasion of Bruhle, who never opposed, and rarely seemed to differ; he proposed his questions as if for instruction, and, like another Socrates, taught while he appeared to learn. He

represented to his opponent what he had admitted, and from these admissions what was to be proved would in general flow naturally ; and if his opponent was startled, he never urged the consequences, but even appeared to assist in explaining away the premises, until some new answers to his interrogatories enabled him to elucidate the position to be demonstrated, in a novel and unexpected manner. Truth gained additional strength from this mode of application ; Corvini was unable to resist its increased force, he was staggered, he was almost persuaded.

Bruhle had not been long in Florence, when he informed me, that it was absolutely necessary that he should return immediately to Germany. " You have no inducement to remain longer in Italy," he said ; " accompany me to where I have several friends of our way of thinking, to whom I will introduce you ; they will please you, for they are

men of talent and virtue." I consented to accompany him. I felt considerable regret at parting with Corvini; but this was in great measure dissipated, by his promise to come and see me at _____ in a few months.

Nothing worthy of being mentioned occurred during our journey. We arrived at _____ in safety. By this time my health and strength were re-established. I was as erect and as vigorous as ever. My hair and complexion had returned. A strong expression of melancholy thoughtfulness was the only difference in my appearance that now remained.

I was very impatient to see Bruhle's philosophic friends, to whom he had promised to introduce me; I pressed him to fix as early a day as possible for our visit. He readily complied with my request. On the appointed evening I accompanied him to the university, of which his friends were members; my

heart beating with an eager desire to converse, to form friendships with a society, whose lives as well as principles had been painted in such amiable colours. When we arrived at the university, we were ushered into a spacious hall, floored and wainscotted with black oak; the roof was of the same materials, most elaborately carved with armorial bearings and grotesque figures; the windows were filled with painted glass, and the walls were hung with portraits of benefactors and the most eminent members of the society: the whole of the apartment was in the style of the most noble of college halls. The room was lighted by a large fire, abundantly piled with logs of wood. Several venerable old men were seated upon benches at a little distance from the fire: they rose to receive us, and embracing Bruhle in the most affectionate manner, expressed their satisfaction in welcoming him again. My friend then presented me; I was

received with a simple dignity, which charmed me. I had never witnessed manners at once so free from all restraint, and so dignified. It called to my mind what I had read of the noble plainness of the Romans, entirely devoid of all ceremony, and so stately as to inspire the most profound veneration. I contemplated their wrinkled faces, replete with the most profound knowledge and the most amiable complacency; their sunken eyes, in which the fires of genius were tempered by the experience of age; their figures gracefully bending under the weight of years; the plain neatness of their garments. I listened with delight to their conversation; they discussed subjects so dear to me, the dignity, the liberty, the happiness of man, with surprising eloquence; the tears rolled down their aged cheeks when the conversation turned upon the misery which man inflicts upon his fellow men; and, finally, they hinted the necessity of a general reform. I was

awed by these sages, and I did not venture to join in the conversation, except to express my assent or my admiration.

A frugal supper was served up, of which we partook sparingly ; and, after a visit of about four hours, Bruhle arose to depart, and I accompanied him with considerable reluctance. Bruhle seemed much pleased to hear the praises which I lavished on my new acquaintances ; and to my earnest entreaties to be allowed to visit them again soon, he replied, that he would attend me to the university the next night. The next night I was more fascinated than ever ; I became more courageous, and related many instances of cruel tyranny, of which I had been a witness in my travels : they seemed much pleased with my observations, and asked me many questions.

The night after I repeated my visit. I had been there about an hour, and had conversed a good deal, when I per-

ceived a figure in the corner, shaded by the chimney, which had hitherto escaped my observation. He was a tall man : his arms were folded upon his breast ; he appeared about foursoore years of age ; his head was bald, his complexion sal- low, his nose large and prominent, and of the finest Roman form ; his eyes small, but dark and piercing : they were rivetted upon me, as if they could penetrate my inmost soul. He was motion- less as a statue. I was struck by so imposing a figure ; I tried to avoid his fixed gaze ; I turned my eyes to the ground ; but, when I raised my head, his eyes were immoveable as before. I moved aside to escape this scrutiny, but in vain, I could not refrain from glan- cing at the observer : he was motionless as before. I became confused, then troubled : I gave unmeaning answers to the questions which were proposed, for I could think of nothing but this mysteri- ous figure. At one time I thought of

changing my place, but I had not sufficient firmness; I was awed so much, that I remained motionless as the figure. I attempted to speak to him, to inquire what was his motive for watching me so attentively; or to ask Bruhle who he was; but a hundred times, when I was on the point of speaking, my eyes met his; I was awed to silence, and sat in mute astonishment. My distress increased. I was petrified by this unaccountable being, and when Bruhle informed me that it was time to depart, which was later than on the preceding nights, my tremor was so violent, that I was scarcely able to stand.

Neither Bruhle nor the old men observed my absence or my alarm. This made the affair more mysterious. I left the hall with pleasure; and I resolved, when I arrived at home, to relate the circumstance to my friend, and request an explanation. But, although I had left the university, the eyes of this mysterious

being still seemed fixed upon me; and, strange to relate, I felt unwilling to communicate my astonishment to Bruhle. I passed a sleepless night in meditation upon this mystery; and, far from being able to solve the problem, I became more and more bewildered by my reflections on such unaccountable conduct.

I rose in the morning harassed and feverish; the conversation of Bruhle in some degree calmed me. After breakfast, he said, that if I would accompany him to the university, he would introduce me to the most wonderful man I had ever seen. I readily consented; it may possibly be the very stranger, whose gaze made so powerful an impression upon my mind, at least it will throw some light upon this obscure subject. I felt desirous to satisfy myself at once, by relating the whole business to Bruhle; but just as I was about to do so, I experienced a strange reluctance. I make no doubt that I should in time

have conquered this unwillingness, if I had seen no other channel through which I could derive the wished-for information; but as I trusted all would now so soon be cleared up, I did not apply to Bruhle.

At the university I was shown into a small apartment; Bruhle promised to return in a few minutes: I remained alone in anxious expectation, mingled with awe, which the memory of the adventure of the preceding night inspired. In about an hour my companion returned, and told me to follow him. I obeyed, and we entered a library, where the mysterious being, who had produced so powerful an effect upon my imagination, was seated at a table, strewed with books and papers. Bruhle introduced him to me as the principal of the university, and as the Eleutherarch. I bowed to him with the profound respect which was due to his venerable appearance. He ordered me to be seat-

ed. A boy, of about ten years of age, was construing the first *Æneid* of Virgil: he continued his task. The Eleutherarch made several observations to me, in Italian, on the mistakes of his little pupil; he told me what were the most usual blunders of schoolboys in translating any passage, what expressions they were the latest in comprehending, and what in general escaped the notice even of men: he explained the reasons in the most novel and acute manner, and illustrated several of the most unintelligible principles of the human mind. I was astonished at his penetration.

When he had dismissed the boy, he drew his chair towards mine, and said, "From what your friend Bruhle has told me, and from my own observation, I am induced to believe that you are a young man of talents. Your talents have convinced you, that man is by nature free. Liberty should be as generally diffused as the light of the sun,

as the air of heaven : liberty is as essential to the happiness of man, as light and air to his existence. You are a witness to the encroachment of man upon natural liberty, the birthright of his fellow-creatures, and to the consequent misery. Your head and your heart, doubtless, conspire in instructing you, that it is your duty to promote the happiness of your associates in this world. And how is this important duty to be best performed ? Surely, by restoring to every man his natural rights ; by banishing oppression ; by breaking the bonds, and shaking off the yoke of slavery. We have formed ourselves into a society to attain this great end, as far as it can be effected by united talents, by ardent zeal, by strenuous, unceasing exertions."

He had hardly finished, when I exclaimed, " O excellent sages ! O amiable institution ! O great and good men ! how happy should I be if I were ever permitted to become a member of your

society ! If it be possible, make me one now, even this very moment." The Eleutherarch smiled at my impatience. " You are very enthusiastic, young man," he said ; " I fear it will cool your ardour, if I inform you, that a long novitiate, no less than three years' preparation, is necessary, previous to your admission."—" If human life were sufficiently long, I would rather undergo a probation of a thousand years, than be excluded from such an association."—" You promise fair," he answered ; " I give you three days to determine."

We then returned home. My mind was made up ; I waited the termination of the three days with impatience. At the appointed time Bruhle conducted me to the university ; the Eleutherarch asked if I had resolved to submit to the necessary initiation. I answered in the affirmative ; he then informed me that he had consulted with his brethren upon the propriety of shortening the term of

my probation, and that they had determined, that, in consideration of my ardent zeal in the cause, of the extraordinary diligence which they were persuaded I should use, and of the high character which Bruhle had given me, my term should be contracted to one year; a favour which had never been granted to any one. I expressed my gratitude for the high compliment which was paid me, and requested that my initiation might commence as soon as possible.

In a week I was informed my career should commence. My curiosity was excessive; but, as Bruhle was not permitted to satisfy it, even by the slightest hint, I was obliged to wait with patience. At the expiration of that period I received a note, requesting me to attend the university in the evening. I obeyed the summons most willingly. The hall was crowded with members of the society; the major part consisted of

young men ; the remainder were the venerable sages whom I had seen before, and a few old men, to whom I was a stranger. The Eleutherarch was not present. We walked about the room, conversing upon miscellaneous subjects in different languages. I overheard many men talking in a language, of which I was entirely ignorant, and dissimilar in sound to any language I had ever heard.

In about half an hour the Eleutherarch entered, attended by two old men. The men formed into different classes, and prostrated themselves in various attitudes. The Eleutherarch knelt down also upon a sort of rostrum ; he pronounced some words in a language to which I was a stranger : he rose, and the others did so likewise. He then addressed himself in the same language to the whole company, and, as I was afterwards informed, asked them, if they had any objection to my being initiated

in the mysteries of the Eleutheri. The whole assembly expressed their assent. The Eleutherarch said, "I confirm your approbation." He then asked, if they objected to the term of my initiation being shortened to one year instead of three. The younger part of the assembly appearing dissatisfied, he beckoned to Bruhle, who came forwards, and spoke very fluently, and for a long time, but in the language in which they seemed to be accustomed to debate. When he was silent, the assembly applauded him, and expressed their assent as before. The Eleutherarch replied, "I confirm your approbation."

Bruhle advanced, and presented to me a long and solemn oath in Latin, that I would submit to all the trials which were required of me. I read it over with attention, and asked if it was possible to omit that part of the ceremony? He answered, that it was absolutely necessary, and asked if I was

willing to swear? I hesitated for a few minutes, and at last replied, "I am." Every man immediately drew forth a sword, which had been concealed under his gown. The Eleutherarch commanded me to kneel; I obeyed, and the men, crowding round me, as many as were able, touched my body with their drawn swords, which they held in that manner whilst the Eleutherarch read the oath in a slow, distinct voice, and I repeated it after him. When I had concluded, the Eleutheri clashed their swords together several times. The Eleutherarch spoke for about half an hour in the unknown language, and the younger men departed. The Eleutherarch and about twenty old men remained with Brühle and myself.

We walked about the hall until supper was introduced. During that temperate meal we conversed upon historical subjects. I was charmed with the brilliancy of the observations, the beauty of

the language, the depth of the remarks, and, above all, with the pure spirit of liberty breathed by these profound philosophers. The Eleutherarch alone was silent, but his silence was only the prelude to the most overwhelming eloquence. He arose; we listened with mute attention; he commenced a discourse to prove, that the soul was material, and that death was complete annihilation, an eternal sleep. So subtile were his arguments, so ingeniously arranged, and pressed with such irresistible and relentless force, that notwithstanding my repugnance to that gloomy, that detestable doctrine, I was compelled to assent, and was reluctantly convinced of what I shuddered to believe.

When he had concluded he left the table, and, scowling upon me, beckoned me to follow him. We quitted the hall; he took a lighted torch in his hand, and proceeded along the cloisters to the ca-

thedral, which we entered. The cold damp, like an icy hand, pressed upon my forehead ; this shook the arguments I had just heard to the foundation. My guide remained silent ; I heard no sound but the echo of our footsteps reverberating through the long-drawn aisles. When we reached the middle of the church, just beneath the lofty central tower, I perceived a corpse, wrapt in grave-clothes, extended upon a bier ; the red light of the torch gleamed horribly upon the pale cheeks of the departed. The Eleutherarch fixed his eyes upon me, and rivetted me to the earth. "Take this dagger in your right hand, this skull in your left," said he, drawing a dagger and a skull from under his gown, and presenting them to me : "young man, you must watch this corpse to-night." He then departed with the torch.

I was petrified with horror ; I was in total darkness ; strange thoughts be-

numbed my brain ; strange visions flitted before my eyes ; I mused upon my situation. The moon slowly burst from the clouds, and pouring its stained light through the shafted oriel, served but to increase my holy and religious awe. It showed the bundles of slender pillars, the pointed arches, the long perspective of the nave and choir, the aisles, the transept, the carved shrines where mitred abbots still pray in moss-stained alabaster, and mail-clad knights sleep in baronial dignity ; the sober magnificence of the organ, with the very name of which is associated whatever music possesses of solemnity, the pealing anthem, the slow chaunt, the dirge, the requiem, but rarely even the grave joy, attempered with awe, of thanksgiving. It showed the ghastly paleness, the dim eye, the stiffened limbs, bound with the winding-sheet, trussed as if destined soon to feast the worm, who revels in the undisturbed possession of those

charms, which the ardent lover, or the tender mistress, have clasped with ecstasy. For the enjoyment of how short a term has the hapless youth often pined, whilst the worm, secure from disappointment, awaited the reversion !

I viewed the skull ; my fingers entered the eyeless sockets. How little of man remained !—the frame-work, the semblance, was before me; but the soul had fled ; it was pale, livid, stiff ; a few days, it would be but a skull. My head, which trembled upon my shoulders, was in its vigour ; but a few years, a few days, a few hours—nay, the dagger which I grasped, would in a moment extend me by the side of the dead—his companion, his equal. The wind would bleach my bones, would, finally, scatter the dust. O what a reflection for the proud ! O what a thought for the man who survived Aür-Ahebeh !

The moon shrank behind the clouds ; the owls hooted in the galleries ; my

blood curdled with horror. It was when my mind was occupied in similar meditations, when the moon was shining very feebly through the edges of a thick cloud, when only the nearest pillars were indistinctly visible, and when the rest of the building was shrouded in impenetrable darkness, that I heard a strange and sudden noise at the extremity of the nave. It resembled the flapping of very large wings in a slow, heavy flight. The sound became louder as it approached, and I could just perceive white forms floating in the air, waving their ample pinions: the din was prodigious: they rushed by me with impetuosity; one of the spectres brushed me with its wing as it passed, with such violence as to make me fall backward upon the corpse. I struck at the figure with the dagger, but it had passed. I could just distinguish their white forms perched upon the organ, which immediately uttered a few chords, so slow, so melodious, and at such remote

intervals, as to penetrate my soul. I thought I heard the songs of spirits, strains unheard by mortal ears. The sound of pinions succeeded ; these beings again took flight, and vanished in the deep gloom of the choir.

Soon after the moon appeared in full splendour ; it discovered nothing but the livid features of the dead amidst the Gothic terrors of the edifice. I seated myself upon the bier ; I gazed upon the remains of man. Thoughts sublime, wild, wondrous, from which memory recoils, horrible, yea most horrible, filled my mind. Let them be buried with the pale corpse which gave them birth. How can the feeble limbs of tottering age support what pressed too heavy to be borne on manhood's heart of steel ?

It was with pleasure I perceived the approach of morning. The light of day had hardly begun to appear, when I heard some one unlocking the door of the cathedral. It opened ; I saw a light,

and presently the Eleutherarch appeared. He beckoned me ; I advanced. He proceeded ; I followed him through the cloisters, still carrying the skull and the dagger, into the hall. There I found the old men seated in the same order as I had left them. The Eleutherarch resumed his seat ; I stood at the table. He asked me to give an account of what I had seen, what thoughts had passed in my mind, and, above all, what effect this watching had produced, with regard to the conviction which his arguments had produced in my mind before I left the hall. I spoke at some length, probably for the space of an hour, relating what I had seen, the wonderful trains of thought which had harrowed up my soul, and my firm persuasion of the fallacy of his reasonings with regard to annihilation. The Eleutherarch then said, that the spectres which I had seen were only some swans; that had been trained to act in the manner I had wit-

nessed. I replied, that my conviction was the result of my own thoughts, and that the surrounding circumstances were only powerful stimulants of thought; that my conviction was the same. Many other observations were made, and many questions were proposed, which I answered.

All that had passed, commencing with the arguments of the Eleutherarch, continuing with my refutation after I returned from the cathedral, and concluding with the interrogations and answers, had been taken down in short-hand by one of the Eleutheri. Another read over all that had been written. I was asked if there was any thing which I wished to alter? I answered in the negative. I was then requested to sign the papers, with which request I, of course, complied; and they were deposited with the records of the society.

“ The next step in your initiation,” said the Eleutherarch, “ you will think

extremely unnecessary and unpleasant, but it must be complied with ; and I have too great confidence in your enthusiasm to suppose, for a moment, that it will deter you from advancing farther." This preamble roused my curiosity. " Whatever human nature is capable of, I will cheerfully submit to," I replied. " You will be surprised," he said ; " the next step is confinement for three months, solitary, without books, the materials for writing, or any thing which can divert your thoughts. It is of admirable use in condensing the mind." I will confess that I was surprised, but I answered, " I submit willingly."

One of the Eleutheri rose ; he told me to accompany him. We passed through a long corridor to a small apartment, lighted from above. " You will receive your provisions, and every other necessary, by means of this turning box. Make the most of your time. In three months I will release you ; till

then adieu." He secured the door on the outside, and departed. The whole furniture of the apartment was a chair and a pallet-bed; I was supplied with every necessary by the turning-box.

At first the confinement was extremely irksome, but I soon began to perceive the immense utility of this preparation. I took a review of my past life; I considered, and fixed upon a firmer basis, my opinions; I planned my schemes of future conduct; I conned over all my knowledge; I methodized, concocted, digested, compressed my ideas. I examined what I really knew; what I was acquainted with only by name; what could really be known, wherein my own knowledge in particular, and knowledge in general, excelled, or was deficient; what were the great desiderata, what the principal obstacles to truth. I collected the scattered forces of my intellect, I formed them in their proper cohorts. I banished all the lame, the halt, and the

blind, and retained only as many as were effective. I measured my powers—what I could hope to conquer, what position I could defend, what was most salutary or most detrimental to my little band ; and, finally, I established the most exact discipline and subordination. I examined the confused items of my experience ; I balanced my mental accounts, and reduced the chaos of minute articles to general heads ; I discovered the value of the total, and of each individual entry. What had before been obscure, was now perspicuous, systematic. I arranged the scattered volumes in my library under their respective classes ; I formed a catalogue raisonné ; I learnt the extent of my means of information on every subject, and to which shelf to apply.

When the period of my confinement expired, I was convinced of the inestimable advantages which I had reaped from this solitude. It was of more use to me than any other part of my educa-

tion, or rather, without this discipline my education would never have been half so beneficial as I have found it. The judicious architect, having raised a mound for the foundation of some towering edifice, gives the mass time to consolidate: this temporary neglect of his work does more than his utmost diligence could at that period effect.

When three months had expired I was released from my solitary cell. I was commanded to write an account of the particular benefits derived from my long meditation. I was next instructed in the language of the society: in this study my progress was very rapid. My memory was retentive; I had learnt several languages, and had a singular aptitude for this species of acquirement. The grammar and dictionary of the language were admirably calculated to lighten the labour; and Bruhle, who was appointed my tutor, spared no pains to forward me. I was charmed with this artificial

language. It was formed on the plan of the Hebrew, every word being derived from some triliteral root ; it was similar also in the simplicity and constancy of the accidence. The most expressive idioms were selected from many tongues, and combined with wonderful judgment. The whole structure was purely metaphysical, and manifested a strict intimacy with the force of terms, the nature of the human mind, and the most philosophical principles of general grammar.

When I had made myself master of the language, I was directed to write a full and faithful account of my own life, without omitting the minutest circumstance, or the most secret motive. I was required to point out what was the most ingenious, what was the most wicked action of my life ; when I most keenly felt joy, grief, hope, disappointment, love, hatred, pain, pleasure, in short, every passion or sensation of which man is capable ; to mark of what conduct

I principally disapproved ; what, if I had to live over again, I would amend, what perform in the same manner ; to delineate the characters of all my acquaintance, or, to the best of my knowledge, of all whom I had ever known ; to portray myself, my virtues, my vices, my forte, my weaknesses ; in what I excelled, in what I was deficient ; for what purposes I was best adapted ; my future hopes and fears, my opinions of men and things.

Infinite were the questions which I was required to answer. I was examined in every language and science, in which I said I was skilled, with the most accurate scrutiny. Every faculty, bodily and mental, was exactly measured, and the results committed to writing. I was interrogated at one time, even in the minutest particulars as to the extent of, my bodily powers ; at another, my progress in the intricacies of metaphysics, or the depths of ma-

thematic lore, was investigated. Every virtue, every species of self-denial, was put to the test. To enumerate the various trials and temptations which I was sentenced to undergo, would be tedious: many, however admirable in practice, would appear ridiculous in the relation. In all of these I acquitted myself well, except where the female sex was concerned, and there, almost invariably, I failed. The adamantine texture of my soul could withstand the severest strokes of violence, or the keenest edge of attack; but its inflammable nature was consumed by the fires of love. Whenever I was weighed in the balance with woman, I was found wanting.

At the expiration of the year of my probation I was summoned to appear before the Eleutherarch in private. When I was closetted with him, he summed up, at considerable length, the series of my preparations. He commented upon my conduct in the different stages, in the

most flattering terms, and spoke highly of my abilities. "There is one thing," he observed, "which I fear may be a powerful obstacle to your becoming eminent—I mean your excessive pride." It is true, if this passion is managed by us with extreme care and unremitting vigilance, it may even aid you in your ascent to greatness. But it is a most dangerous, a most treacherous ally. It may raise you to the plenitude of human grandeur, if watched incessantly, and guided by the most exquisite skill; but should it gain the ascendancy, even for a moment, in that rash moment it may dash you from the pinnacle of your power to the abyss of the lowest degradation. If you mean to be great, you must conquer pride. But there is another failing infinitely more serious in its consequences, which presents a most insuperable bar to all advancement: to be great, you must be free; but this failing will detain you in the most abject slavery. The beck of

a white hand will be able to check you in your career of glory. How will you crouch before a bright eye ! It will fascinate the asserter of the liberty of mankind, him whom ages yet unborn might bless as the saviour of their rights : you will fall down and worship a fine figure, and will blindly obey the command of this infallible idol. I reverence the down of the thistle, which floats at the disposal of the evening breeze, which the motion of a leaf, or the wing of a butterfly, can banish from its situation, or divert from its course ; it affects not free agency, it is not ambitious ; it arrogates not to itself reason ; but it is resolute, firm of purpose, immutable, compared with the sickly soul of the lover. Poor frail reed, fragile vegetable, wave thy feathered head at every breeze ! Poor youth Alexy, my philosophic friend, lose thy identity, become a part, and the least part, of the weak thing thou worshippest : be unto her as a lock of hair ;

let her twine thee round her finger, curl thee, comb thee straight, admire thy flexibility, perfume thee, bind thee to her head with a silk fillet, or let thee flow unrestrained at liberty. At liberty ! the liberty of a ringlet ! O my poor boy, these are then thy high notions of liberty !"

These reflections stung me to the heart. The blood rushed to my face ; my bosom swelled with rage. The old man fixed his eyes upon me ; I turned pale ; his eyes were rivetted upon me ; the expression of his countenance was immovable. I became sensible of my own failings, and conscious of my weakness ; I shrank abashed from his penetrating glances. I remained silent half an hour, subject to this painful gaze : my confusion became intolerable. The Eleutherarch perceived my distress ; he smiled, and conversing with me in the gentlest manner, I soon forgave his keen rebukes. He filled me with the most

intoxicating hopes, and expressed his belief that I should soon become all he could wish me. I then left him.

My friend Bruhle met me at the door ; he embraced me, expressing at the same time his congratulations at having completed my probation. He told me, the next morning, that only one step was necessary to my initiation into the mysteries and my participation of all the privileges of the Eleutheri. I eagerly inquired what that was ; he replied, merely to take the oath of inauguration. "What is the form of that oath ?" I asked. "O, nothing," he said ; "but as you are to have three days to consider whether you will take the oath or not, you had as well begin your considerations now." He then wrote it upon a slip of paper ; and, folding it up, gave it to me. I put it into my pocket, and forgot it entirely until I was going to bed ; I then remembered the oath, and opening the paper, I read as follows :

“ I Alexy Haimatoff do swear, without any reservation, to submit to whatever the Eleutherarch and Eleutheri in council shall enjoin, and to do whatever they shall command.”

I was startled at this oath ; I exclaimed, in the words of the Eleutherarch, “ These are then thy high notions of liberty !” I entertained so exalted an opinion of the society, as to feel convinced that they would not require any thing, of which my reason and my conscience could not approve. Then why bind me by an oath to perform what I would willingly without any obligation ? Perhaps it was merely a matter of ceremony ; but the society did not deal in superfluous ceremonies, all was solid and useful. Perhaps I had been deceived, and they were incorporated for the most abandoned purposes ; should I thus commit myself, should I willingly reduce myself to a situation, in which I should perhaps be compelled to choose between

perjury and some other crime, if possible, more heinous? I shuddered at the thought.

I passed the night in meditation. The more I reflected on this oath of obedience, the more firm were my resolves not to bind myself by it. In the morning I communicated my resolutions to Bruhle, who endeavoured by every argument, and finally by ridicule, to persuade me to comply: but in vain. He endeavoured by every art to inflame my curiosity to know what were the private views, the schemes of the Eleutheri; in this he succeeded; but all the compliance this ardent curiosity could produce, was to inquire, if it were possible to omit that oath. He replied, "it was indispensable." I cannot describe the torment of my feelings, wound up to this high pitch. The sequel will show how intolerable they were.

In the evening I could bear this suspense no longer. I concealed a dagger

under my garments, and wildly ran to the university. I inquired for the Eleutherarch. He was alone in his study. As soon as I entered, I bolted the door, seized him by the neck, brandished my dagger, and exclaimed in a frantic voice, "Tell me instantly, old man, if you wish to entrap me by the oath of obedience, to commit, through the fear of perjury, crimes at which, if I were a free agent, I should spurn. State the precise nature of the crimes." The venerable man, with a serene countenance, bared his breast, and pointing to his heart, said, "Strike there, Alexy; thy blow will then be effectual." I trembled in every limb—"Nay, if thy hand is unsteady, let me guide it," he continued, taking hold of my hand, and raising it, as if to strike—The dagger fell to the ground. I could not endure his penetrating gaze; he saw the nakedness of my soul; I covered my face with my hands,

"I could not have supposed," exclaimed the Eleutherarch, "that Alexy would ever undertake what he dare not execute." I stood long motionless, riveted to the spot. "Will you take the oath," he said, "will you become one of us?"—"I cannot," I exclaimed, "indeed I cannot: command me to plunge that dagger into my heart, and I will obey you."—"You shall have time to consider of it; I give you a year. I will never mention your violence to any one; I forgive you as a man, as the Eleutherarch I must punish you. I banish you for that year. Go to England!"

I retired overwhelmed with shame and confusion. I reflected upon my mad violence. I was struck with the calm dignity, the immoveable tranquillity, of this great man's soul: I determined to obey his just sentence, and that England should be the place of my banishment. It certainly was no punish-

ment to pass a year in that country; it was my ardent wish; I had always intended to visit England, and this event only fixed the time of my departure. I glowed with anxiety to study a nation so celebrated on every account.

I had been much pleased with the English constitution; I was now upon the point of seeing the theory reduced to practice. I promised myself the highest gratification from an intercourse with the English; several of them, whom I had met travelling in Italy, were sensible well-bred men, proud and reserved, but highly honourable, and remarkable for their attachment to their native soil. One trait pleased me—it was their strong nationality, their marked character. The subtlety of the Italians, their passion for petty intrigues and low finesse, the effeminacy of most of the noblemen, were very repugnant to my feelings; to some persons of that country I felt a strong antipathy. I was

charmed with the ease and elegance of manner of the French, but their levity made it impossible for me to respect them. The Germans too frequently imitate the French; I hate imitations, especially when they are so ill-judged and so unsuccessful. It was in England I hoped to find unaffected originality of character; nor was I disappointed. I was tolerably well versed in the English language. I had read with considerable difficulty, but with a high degree of pleasure, which amply rewarded my toils, some of the best British authors.

The Eleutherarch furnished me with letters of introduction to several families in London, where I proposed to spend the principal part of my time. Having made all the necessary arrangements, I took leave of the society, and particularly of my friend Bruhle; and, in the ordinary space of time, I arrived in London. I will not enter into a long detail of the different feelings, which

the inexhaustible variety of objects in this wonderful city produced in my mind; I make no doubt that they were precisely similar to the feelings of other men, under the same circumstances. My curiosity was great, and I seized every opportunity of gratifying it. I visited the public places of entertainment of every description. I attended the Parliament, the courts of law, all public meetings and private assemblies. I extended my acquaintance as much as possible. I saw every natural or artificial rarity. I hunted after every thing, pried into every thing.

One evening I had gone to the theatre, to see the immortal Garrick perform the part of Richard the Third. I was anxious to study most attentively that astonishing piece of acting, and had succeeded with extreme difficulty in pressing into the pit. The interval between the second and third acts was unusually long; so long, that the delu-

sion which the great actor had conjured up, vanished, and I began to gaze about me for entertainment, and to criticise surrounding objects. One, immediately above me, soon attracted my attention. It was a young female, in the front row of the boxes. She appeared below the middle size, but I was unable at that time to judge of her figure. Simplicity and neatness were alone remarkable in her dress. Her hair, which was of the finest auburn, and which by candlelight had the golden tinge always given by the best painters to the locks of the Saviour of the world—her hair hung with apparent negligence in ringlets ; and clustering on her ivory forehead, the golden fruit, by its rich reflected hues, gave new lustre to the part which it did not conceal. Her forehead was high and arched, of a degree of whiteness unparalleled, and most exquisitely polished ; of proportions indicative of no vulgar mind. I observed the minu-

lest ramifications of the blue veins meandering through her transparent temples. I sighed to be a drop of blood, to flow in such blessed channels, to visit the sacred seat of her thoughts, and the holier shrine of her affections. Her eye was heaven's own azure. How is it that that serenity of colour, which is the effect of light on the immensity of space, can be collected and enamelled in so small a circle? How was the meridian splendour of the sun combined with the soft radiance of the moonbeam? I know not, but it was so. The symmetry of her nose was perfect; that feature alone would have given bewitching grace and intelligence to the most ordinary face. Physiognomists are agreed that the mouth is the principal seat of expression. Perhaps I could describe this lovely mouth, and in some degree explain why it was so expressive, if it had not been so small that the causes escaped my sight, and I could only judge by the

effects. The lower lip was the most seducing, but only because that lip can be more seductive: it appeared conscious of its superiority, and in seeming pride projected beyond its rival. The enchantment did not cease here; these lips separated and discovered the pearly regularity of polished teeth; they surpassed even her alabaster forehead in whiteness. The beautiful vermillion, which suffused her cheeks and imperceptibly melted into the surrounding snows, was formed with nature's choicest dyes; so rich, so bright, so clear, so transparent! It would have been marvellous, even had it been but one fixed immutable hue; but it shifted in endless variety, changeful as the ruddy tints of morning.

When fear or grief visited her bosom, she became almost pale, the faint roseate tint was scarcely perceptible. It was restored by tranquillity, brightened and heightened by the vivid emotions of

pleasure, and in the engaging blushes of modest confusion the blood rushed in crimson torrents to her cheeks ; whilst, by a contrary sympathy, it revelled so madly in the heart of the fascinated spectator, as to swell it almost to bursting. I gazed upon this face ; I had never seen such beauty, I had never imagined aught so lovely ; no, not even the ideal form of universal liberty, the dear delusion which I so fondly cherished. I forgot Garrick, Shakspeare, every thing. My situation was fortunate, I could see without being observed ; I availed myself to the full of this advantage, and the intensity of my gaze, being unperceived, was in no wise distressing.

I determined to leave the pit, that I might be able to discover who this charming creature was ; but I could not bear to lose sight of her even for a moment : I deferred the execution of this scheme. The performance was nearly finished ; the fair one rose, and, with

her companions, quitted the box. I struggled furiously to escape from the crowd; my exertions were disagreeable to the citizens, who endeavoured as much as possible to incommod me. It was with the greatest difficulty I could refrain from striking my persecutors. O, how my impetuous temper prayed for the scimitar of the prophet, that I might hew a road through these sturdy free-men! When the calm advocate for liberty, the asserter of equal rights, had extricated himself from the mob, it was too late.

I bore this disappointment with tolerable patience, as I trusted that it would be easy to discover who the lady was. I made every inquiry, I adopted every expedient of investigation, which my inflamed imagination could suggest, but without success. My curiosity increased in proportion as the gratification became more difficult. Inspired with the hope of again meeting with her, I was con-

stant in my attendance at every place of amusement; I visited several every evening for two months, but in vain. The only glimmering rays of success, which now cheered me, shone from a very singular plan, but to which, in my despair, I resolved to have recourse: I mean an advertisement in the newspapers. I determined to offer a thousand guineas reward to any person who would inform me what was the address of the young lady who occupied a particular seat at the theatre on the night specified.

I was walking in Hyde Park, meditating upon the probable success, and the principal objections to my scheme, when the object of my pursuit passed me: as soon as I perceived her, overcome with the unexpected joy, I waved my hat over my head, and huzzaed as loud as I could. The young lady turned her head round at the sudden noise; I was instantly struck dumb, and followed

in silence. Her companion was a tall slender young man, whose appearance was most prepossessing, who was dressed in a handsome military uniform, and who I conjectured was her brother. The divine creature was leaning on his arm. How I envied him the pleasure ! I was now able to judge of her figure; I found that it was as fascinating as her face. She was perhaps a little below the middle size; every outline had the delicious roundness of ideal beauty, which is so rarely found in all its charms in real life. Her form was what a person whose taste was guided by certain fashionable notions, would term too plump, or even awkward; a sculptor, perfect. And I should agree with the latter.

It may easily be conjectured that I did not lose sight of this fascinating girl until she reached her home, and that I was not credulous, in soon admitting that the house which she entered, was

her home. I remained a long time a patient sentry; and, when I was satisfied, I returned to my habitation with no common degree of exultation.

My next care was to inquire of all my friends if they were acquainted with Sir Fulke Hildebrand. To my sorrow, they all answered in the negative. This cloud, however, was soon dispelled: I proposed this question to a lady, with whom I was familiar; she replied, "Most intimately."—"Are you indeed?" I exclaimed; "how I envy you!" She smiled at my observation, and informed me, that, in a few days, I might have an opportunity not only of being introduced to Sir Fulke, but of dancing with his daughter. I accepted the offer most thankfully. I will not paint my impatience for the appointed time: who has not been tormented by impatience? but whose impatience is similar to my impatience?

The expected evening at last arrived;

I was presented to Mary Hildebrand. I had promised myself the most complete happiness at that moment, but I was disappointed: my limbs sunk under me; I trembled in every part; I was dull, wretched, disconcerted. The glow of her beauty, her elegance, her ease, her sprightly conversation, gradually thawed the icy bonds of this excessive respect. The spell which her beauty had formed the first moment I beheld her, was now completed. If she was lovely when motionless, in mute attention, motion gave a tenfold power to her charms—more than mortal grace in each action, in each attitude—the fabulous activity of a sylph. I have watched with pleasure the gradual progress of fruit; at first it was green, crude, hard; the rays of the sun melted the sap, the genial current of juices flowed into the fruit, as it swelled to maturity the colour became more rich, until it glowed in its ripest hues.

When I was introduced to Mary, she had just entered the room ; she appeared cold, and was almost pale ; exercise attracted the tide of her blood with additional force, exercise shed its roseate influence over her bosom, and called the vermillion to her cheeks : the purple light of youth burnt in the latter ; the former swelled with animation. The milk-white antelopes, twin gazelles, fed upon lilies, lightly bounding in innocent gambols, thrilling with the emotions of health, strove in their vivacity to spring over the hedge of roses, with which they were environed. Oft have I marked, when in the expression of pleasure, or of courage, a sudden glossiness has overspread the plumage of some beautiful bird. Something similar was the polish which now shone upon the auburn tresses of Mary. As her dress was simple, so her hair was unadorned ; it was permitted to flow in ringlets. What hand could presume to weave

those threads, in spinning which Nature had exhausted all her powers. The yellow locks, pervaded by the light, acquired new brilliance ; they streamed in elastic spirals upon her shoulders and matchless bosom ; they fell like the golden shower poured into the lap of Danaë ; as divine in their origin, as miraculous, as powerful incentives to love, as irresistible !

Her conversation was fascinating, but it was upon the most trivial subjects. I regretted its frivolity, although I was charmed with its elegance. I was most anxious to introduce a topic more worthy her talents : I was afraid to venture the experiment. I trembled to weigh her in the balance, lest she should be found wanting. After several interviews, I acquired more boldness. Our conversation became literary, afterwards even learned. I was intoxicated to find that the matter of discourse only was changed, the manner was exquisite as before. I will not

describe the progress of love ; I will not speak of my devotion to the fair object of my passion, nor of the consuming ardour of my attachment. I will briefly state, that fortune and Mary smiled upon me, when a keen frost checked the expanding blossoms of happiness. Gay hope was changed to wild despair, well nigh to moody madness.

Sir Fulke, although an excellent man in many respects, had some violent and most irrational prejudices : he detested foreigners, and had a rooted antipathy to all persons of the Whig party. I had often expressed myself in the language of a most strenuous advocate for liberty : he suspected that I was not what he termed orthodox ; to convince his own mind, he one day asked me, if I did not think that all Whigs were rascals, and deserved to be put to death by slow tortures ? I, of course, replied in the negative, and endeavoured to persuade him that such a punishment would be

unjust in the extreme. He was satisfied, and requesting that I would never enter his house again, swore, with a tremendous oath, "that he would rather cut his daughter's throat with his own hands, and give her to his hounds, than permit her to marry a Whig or a foreigner."

I endeavoured to persuade Mary to consent to our union, notwithstanding her father's disapprobation ; but all my arguments and entreaties were unavailing. I was now persuaded that I could never hope to obtain what alone could make me happy. I was convinced that I was not possessed of the heart of my adored Mary. The conviction was madness. My conduct was that of a maniac. Life was a curse to me, and not a blessing. I desired to quit this world, which was now insupportable : I should soon have gratified my wishes, and have hidden my misery in the grave, but my principles strongly reprobated

suicide ; and, thank Heaven, I had fortitude enough to abide by them. Every amusement, every study, was detestable : one pursuit alone could engage me. It was riding the most vicious and ungovernable horses I could procure. This will appear incredible to every sober mind ; but a sober mind cannot judge what would be agreeable to the wild enthusiastic soul when impelled to madness by disappointed love. I found something congenial in the fury of a noble horse. Men were not proper companions ; they were reasonable, reflecting beings ; I was not one of these. The frenzy of a high-bred horse, his restless activity, his vigilance, the fever which swelled his large veins, the indefinite passion by which he was incessantly inflamed, the mingled rage and love without any certain object, which arched his high neck, glared in his fierce eyeballs, wreathed in his back, waved his tail, rolled in smoke from his nos-

trills, and burst in foam, or loud neighings, from his mouth, was the same spirit by which I was possessed.

I mounted my furious steed ; I stimulated his anger ; he vainly endeavoured to rid himself of the incumbrance ; he reared, plunged, scoured the open fields, surmounted the most formidable fences, sprung over the widest ditches, rushed impetuously down the steepest hills, jumped down precipices. This alone could afford me any satisfaction. I forsook the paths of man, I avoided his pursuits, I courted death and danger. Who could follow me ? The country gentlemen were astonished at my mad career ; they were surprised at my skill ; they endeavoured to dissuade me from such desperate attempts, but without success.

There is some wonderful charm in madness, some preservative against the accidents to which rational beings are liable. How often do we hear of men

under the influence of delirium, performing in security what would be fatal to others ! In like manner, my horses, when driven to madness, often surpassed the efforts of more temperate animals, without injury. Sometimes, however, they were severely hurt, or even killed. These warnings were all lost upon me, I regarded them not. I remember one morning, when I was attempting to mount a horse more vicious than any I had before ridden, my terrified grooms let go the head of the animal ; he instantly seized me by the collar, and, lifting me from the ground, tore off a great part of my coat. Far from being alarmed, I took the opportunity, when the infuriate beast was shaking his trophy in the air, of seizing him by the mane, and springing upon his back. We both escaped unhurt, after a day of unusual exertion ; and, oppressed with extreme fatigue, I sunk to rest, highly gratified

with the inexhaustible vigour and frenzy of my companion.

The next day that I attempted to ride him, a fatal accident occurred, which terminated these frantic amusements. This savage animal killed one of my servants. I was shocked at the untimely fate of the poor man, and I began to reflect upon my past conduct. My reason returned with repentance. I went immediately into the stables, and shot the horse that had killed my servant. I endeavoured, by pecuniary compensations to the family and relatives of the deceased, to atone, in some slight degree, for what had happened. I could not consider myself as entirely guiltless of his blood; I was for some time plunged in the deepest affliction.

I now had learned to think. I began to reflect upon my own situation; it improved considerably, when I examined it more attentively. It was true, I could not at present hope to be united to

Mary; but what caused my principal grief, I found was by no means so certain, as, in the first paroxysms of despair, I had imagined it had been—I mean, that I was not secure of her affections. When I compared carefully what had passed, I almost ventured to hope that I was beloved. I could not bear to remain in uncertainty, it was more agonizing than even despair. I resolved to know the truth at any price. It would have been pleasure to have perished in such an attempt. I flew to London: there I was informed, that the family of Hildebrand were in the country; with equal rapidity I went to their country-seat. I procured a lodging in a neighbouring village, and watched an opportunity of meeting with my beloved. For some days I was unsuccessful. On the Sunday I was so fortunate as to see her at church. She appeared pale and dejected. I was vain enough to hope, that I was the cause of her grief; and so perverse are

human interests, so paradoxical is love, that I found pleasure in her sorrow. I gazed through the window, I did not presume to enter the church: when the service was concluded she returned home, but so guarded by her family, that I did not think it prudent to approach.

I now determined to conceal myself in some of the plantations which surrounded the mansion where all that was dear to me resided. I did so. One morning I perceived Mary walking with her brother at a little distance. I sprung immediately towards them, as an eagle stoops, unperceived, from the sky upon the helpless kid. I seized Mary; she fainted in my arms. When she recovered, I need not relate what passed between us. Who knows not what the tongue, what the eyes, say at such a critical moment? Her brother was addressing me with considerable warmth, and commanding me to leave his sister.

I little heeded what he said, until, exasperated at my obstinacy, he lost his temper, and struck me in the face. I then seized the slender boy by the sash, and threw him into a neighbouring bush. The young man drew his sword, and told me, if I valued my life, to retire. I continued my conversation with the trembling Mary for a few minutes, and, laughing at the soldier, who was brandishing his weapon, I returned home, happy in the conviction, that I had gained the heart of the loveliest female in the world, and that her sense of duty was the only obstacle to our happiness.

In the evening I received a note from young Hildebrand, demanding satisfaction. I called upon a neighbouring gentleman, with whom I was acquainted, and, attended by him, the next morning I met the brother of Mary. When preliminaries were arranged, he fired first, but without effect. I then observed, "This, Sir, is all the satisfac-

tion I will give you ; I hope you are satisfied. I will be candid, and tell you plainly, that nothing you can ever do will induce me to desist from devoting myself to your sister. I am resolved, and, while she consents, not all the powers of the earth can deter me from endeavouring, by all honourable means, to attain this supreme happiness." I then pointed out two aspiring twigs, which raised their heads above a hedge behind me, at about twice the distance I stood from Hildebrand, and firing my pistols, I cut them down to about the same height as their companions..

Hildebrand expressed no other emotion than that of surprise at my skill ; indeed his conduct was, in every respect, calm, noble, and dignified. He was a young man of talents, and of an engaging appearance. I went up to him, and, taking hold of both his hands, observed, that I was charmed with him ; that I must have been strangely misrepresented,

to make us enemies to each other ; that if any additional inducement was necessary to strengthen my perseverance in the course I had adopted, it would be the pleasure of calling him my brother. My pistols were valuable, and of exquisite workmanship ; I insisted upon our exchanging arms with each other. He was going to refuse, when our seconds interfered, and said, that he must consent. He complied ; we parted ; and I perceived, that though he endeavoured to hate me, as if it were his duty to do so, he was unable. I do not say this through any vanity, but because I know that man, especially if young and generous, was not formed to hate his fellow without a cause.

I now determined to overcome Sir Fulke's aversion to me, and in time to obtain his permission to become his son-in-law. This was the only obstacle to the completion of my happiness. I was convinced that the lovely Mary felt for

me the tenderest affection. To know that I was beloved by such a female was delicious happiness. These exquisite sentiments inspired the most invincible resolution to strain every nerve to attain an object which I knew was ardently desired by one so dear to me, and a hope so enthusiastic, as to be the surest pledge of success. It was difficult, if any thing could be difficult where the reward was so inestimable. The prejudices of the Baronet were strong in proportion as they were irrational. I resolved rather to humour than to thwart them. I contrived to be invited to dine in company with him ; I always proposed the health of the Minister ; I introduced politics, and defended the Tory party in long speeches. I attended clubs and public dinners of that interest. I do not know whether this conduct was justifiable ; it may certainly be excused, when the circumstances of my case are duly considered. I would tear myself in pieces if

I suspected that I could be guilty of the slightest falsehood or prevarication ; but there was nothing of that sort here. I was of no party, consequently I could not be accused of deserting any one. I did not defend the injustice of any body of men ; I did not detract from the merits of any virtuous character ; I praised what was laudable in the Tory party, and blamed what was reprehensible in the Whigs ; I was silent with regard to whatever was culpable in the former, or praiseworthy in the latter. The stratagem was innocent, which injured no one, and which promoted the happiness of two individuals, especially of the most amiable woman the world ever knew.

Family pride was another of Sir Fulke's failings : and my being a foreigner was forgiven me in consideration of the title of Prince, which I bore. Field sports were the great source of happiness to the Baronet ; in these my skill was unrivalled. He was not insensible to the

influence of fortune ; my riches were an additional recommendation. In short, the father of Mary at last cheerfully consented to our union. About two years after I first beheld my charming girl in the theatre, she became my wife. Language often fails me when I attempt to paint extreme pain or extreme delight. How can I describe the overwhelming torrent of bliss which rushed upon my ardent soul, when all that was valuable under heaven was really mine ? There is a certain extent, to which human nature is capable of feeling pain and pleasure ; when they exceed that point, sensation ceases, both in mind and body. I had often been torpid through excess of grief, now I was benumbed by exquisite delight ; and it was some time before my nerves were sufficiently habituated to such unusual pleasure to feel the solid happiness which I grasped.

I purchased an extensive estate in the

country ; I devoted my time to my wife, to literature, to field sports, to agriculture. I had received many letters from Germany, requesting me to return to the Eleutheri; but, previous to my marriage, my mind was too entirely occupied to attend to these solicitations. A few months after my nuptials, I was grieved to hear of the death of my friend Bruhle ; I lamented the fate of this wonderful man. I had now no longer any inducement to continue my correspondence with the society ; the oath which was required, having entirely banished all sentiments of esteem and veneration I had formerly felt for the Eleutherarch and his colleagues.

I will not say that my life, from my union with my beloved Mary, has been a scene of perfect happiness. The loss of friends ; the sickness and death of several children ; various disappointments, which are the lot of all men ; my

own occasional infirmities, and, what has driven me almost to madness, the pain or sickness of my better self, reminded me, that human nature in this life cannot experience entire unalloyed felicity. But I am grateful for as much happiness as the world can afford ; and for this am I principally, or, to state the plain truth, entirely, indebted to my Mary.

Amiable woman ! thou hast been unto me all that one being can be to another ! thou hast conferred upon me every benefit, from the most trifling kindness to the most solid comfort, that human nature, if thy nature is indeed human, can give, or that human nature can receive. Dearest friend ! I have lived with thee from blooming youth to extreme old age. I love the withered stalks of the vine, even more than when, covered with leaves, it bowed beneath the delicious load of swelling clusters.

I have drunk of the mellow wine, and it maketh glad my heart. Excellent woman ! I venerate thy wrinkled brow, I reverence thy grey hairs. He, whose heart burns within him when he sees his native land, would as cheerfully devote himself for the beloved plains, when bleached with the winter's snow, as when waving with the golden harvest. Often have I compared the soul of my Mary to the placid bosom of a silent lake. Is the surrounding country lovely ? the sky serene ? the piny forests, the tufted woods, the verdant hills, the embattled towers, the mouldering ruins, the azure heavens, the fleecy clouds, appear still more lovely when seen reflected in the molten crystal of Nature's mirror. Should the sky lour, the lightnings flash, the abrupt and craggy rocks frown, and all around present a scene of horror, the fiercest stains of desolation are washed away in the landscape sketched on the surface of the waters.

I have now faithfully related the remarkable events of my life. After my marriage nothing worthy of being recorded occurred. I have only to add, that the gentle instructions of my friend, and experience, taught me to banish all that was delusive or extravagant in my sentiments ; to retain all that was true and rational ; and to establish more firmly than ever, the great principle, that the end of man is to be subservient to the happiness of his fellow-creatures. My children are numerous ; they have done well, for they have emulated the virtues of their mother, and shunned the failings of their father. May their latest posterity do the like !

I have finished the task that I imposed on myself. I have made my full and free confession. I trust I have made it with simplicity and sincerity. May it

be really useful to those who read it!—
This is the prayer of an old and infirm
man: he has but one more:—Mary, we
awoke together to life, to happiness; so
may we, in the same moment, sink into
sleep!

ALEXY HAIMATOFF.

THE END.

